



ALIEN HEART

by Stephen Cole

THE DOCTOR: PETER DAVISON
Space-time traveller.

NYSSA: SARAH SUTTON
Space-time traveller's companion.

SONDERAL:
(F) Captain of Earth scientific investigation team. 35 years old. Unhappy to be assigned to what she sees as a marginal mission, but professional, pragmatic and adaptive to any situation.

ELTHAR:
(M) Sonderal's Grade Two Technical Sergeant. 28. We feel the army is perhaps not the best fit for him. Self-deprecating; not the brightest spark but quietly committed.

THEEBE:
(F) Unscrupulous Traxanan mine-owner. Confrontational, devious, ruthless.

THE DALEKS: NICHOLAS BRIGGS

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PART ONE

1. INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM

(FADE UP HUM OF TARDIS IN FLIGHT. FOOTSTEPS AS NYSSA ENTERS)

DOCTOR:

Ah, Nyssa! You've woken just in time. We're ready to land.

NYSSA:

On Felkanto?

DOCTOR:

Yes. We're dropping in during the twenty-first time frame, before the coal lakes became a tourist trap, so I think you'll enjoy— [our visit]

(FX: WILD TURBULENCE. TARDIS OUT OF CONTROL)

NYSSA:

Doctor?!!

DOCTOR:

(TRYING TO CONTROL TARDIS) Landing aborted! There's a spatio-temporal anomaly where Felkanto ought to be. The TARDIS doesn't like it.

NYSSA:

I can tell!

DOCTOR:

Nyssa, check the co-ordinates!

NYSSA:

They don't make any sense. They're changing, all the time.

DOCTOR:

What? Let me see. (MOVES ROUND - ALARMED) This is serious. Without a constant we can't compute a way out.

NYSSA:

Then what do we do?

DOCTOR:

Hold on and try to ride out the shockwaves.

NYSSA:

Trans-dimensional shockwaves?

DOCTOR:

(GASPS AS TARDIS LURCHES) So it seems. The repercussions of some catastrophic event that's disrupted time as well as space!!

2. INT. SPACESHIP CONTROL ROOM (IN FLIGHT)

SONDERAL:
(SNOOZING)

ELTHAR:
Captain Sonderal?

SONDERAL:
(DROWSY) Hmm...?

ELTHAR:
We're in range of the Traxana System.

SONDERAL:
Thank you, Elthar. (YAWNS) These trans-Empire flights play havoc with my body clock.

ELTHAR:
Know the feeling, Captain. Although, technically not trans-Empire any longer.

SONDERAL:
This is Earth space. Even if the billions down on Traxana don't know it.

ELTHAR:
Guild of Adjudicators might not agree, Captain.

SONDERAL:
You're insubordinate, Elthar. What are you, Technical Sergeant, Grade Two?

ELTHAR:
Yes, Captain Sonderal.

SONDERAL:
I don't suppose you're smart enough to know better. Plot a course for the outpost.

ELTHAR:
Consider that within my capabilities, Captain.

(FX: PROGRAMMING BLEEPS AND RISE IN ENGINE TONE)

SONDERAL:
(WEARY) Why were you assigned to a mission like this?

ELTHAR:
Most likely because I'm more expendable than a grade one Technical Sergeant.

SONDERAL:
What does that say about me? (BEAT) Take us down.

3. INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM (IN FLIGHT)

(FX: TURBULENCE)

DOCTOR:

Nyssa! The co-ordinates, what do they read now?

NYSSA:

Still shifting, but within a smaller range..

DOCTOR:

Right! I'm going to attempt a rematerialisation.

NYSSA:

But what about the anomaly you detected? If we materialise in a zone of unstable matter, the TARDIS could be destroyed.

DOCTOR:

If we don't, we'll be torn apart by these aftershocks! Hold on!

(FX: TARDIS MATERIALISATION NOISE FADES INTO HOVER MODE)

NYSSA:

(EXHAUSTED) Co-ordinates stable. We're out of danger!

DOCTOR:

And Felkanto?

NYSSA:

(PAUSE) It's not there. Felkanto has... gone!

DOCTOR:

Let me see. (HE CROSSES TO JOIN HERE) Not a trace. An entire planet, a population of billions...

NYSSA:

Could it be an effect of the same entropy release that destroyed Traken?

DOCTOR:

Impossible. (FX: SWITCH, CONTROLS) Felkanto hasn't only been destroyed, it's been eradicated from the temporal fabric of the universe.

NYSSA:

It never existed? How is that possible?

DOCTOR:

I don't know. (FX: SCANNER SCREEN) Look. Seems it's not only Felkanto.

NYSSA:

What am I looking at – a long-range scan?

DOCTOR:

Yes, along the wavelength of the anomalous particles. In this constellation alone, unstable matter is all that's left of ten worlds. Varga, Ottonius, Hastus Major... All of them erased within the last thirty years, relative time.

NYSSA:

What about that planet in the last system? Anomalous particles registering... but in nothing like the same concentrations.

DOCTOR:

Good old Traxana, still standing! Or more accurately, still spinning through space at a thousand miles per hour. Let's take a closer look... (FX: SWITCHES) That can't be right.

NYSSA:

What? It's just an outpost of some sort on Traxana's moon, isn't it?

DOCTOR:

The people of Traxana don't have space travel. As yet, they haven't set foot upon their moon.

NYSSA:

Then... that base is alien in origin?

DOCTOR:

Yes. I rather think we should pay it a visit. (FX: DEMATERIALISATION INITIATED) Don't you?

4. INT. TRAXANA MOONBASE – CORRIDOR

(FX: TARDIS MATERIALISES. BACKGROUND WHOOSH OF MOONBASE SYSTEMS. OUTER DOORS CREAK OPEN.)

DOCTOR:

Here we are. The mysterious moonbase.

NYSSA:

Doesn't look very mysterious from here. Uniform walls and floor panels for swift assembly. Electro-luminescent cells in the ceiling for light. The doors and controls look like they're meant for humanoids.

DOCTOR:

Or just plain humans. (SIGHS) Traxana lies a few trillion miles beyond the frontier of Earth's Empire – and yet this base is built to a standard Earth military design.

NYSSA:

A forward base, built by humans from Tegan's future?

DOCTOR:

Oh, hundreds of years in her future, yes. A forward base designed to support tactical military operations. Something of a coincidence that the trail of anomalous particles would seem to end here, hmm? Or begin here.

NYSSA:

You believe human beings destroyed those planets?

DOCTOR:

Testing out some new and terrible weapon to further expand their empire? It wouldn't be the first time. (HE SETS OFF) Come on, let's find the control room and announce our presence. Loudly.

(FX: CREEPY ALIEN SKITTERING NOISE GROWING CLOSER; CELL-SPIDER LEGS TAPPING METAL FLOORS)

NYSSA:

Doctor, wait! Do you hear that?

DOCTOR:

(PAUSE) Something's coming.

NYSSA:

It doesn't sound human.

DOCTOR:

A security system of some kind? (BEAT) Nyssa, get back to the TARDIS. I came here to confront whoever's in charge. If that means allowing myself to be captured by—

(FX: CHITTERING CELL-SPIDERS TAKE THE CORNER)

NYSSA:

(REACTS) Doctor!!!

DOCTOR:

— by a swarm of giant green arachnoids...? (CALLS) How do you do?
I'm the Doctor.

NYSSA:

There are hundreds of them. And they're not stopping!

DOCTOR:

Perhaps they're not in charge. Hmm, one could easily get carried away on the tide of those things. Quickly, into that alcove!

(FX: THEY JUMP ASIDE AS THE MASS OF CELL-SPIDERS RUSH PAST)

NYSSA:

(QUIET) Their bodies... They're almost like cells, magnified and misshapen. (THINKS OF A NAME FOR THEM) 'Cell-spiders', you might call them.

DOCTOR:

(QUIET) Creatures native to this moon? Hmm. Fortunately, it seems they're not interested in us— (HE IS YANKED FORWARD)
Whoops!

NYSSA:

Doctor! Come back!

DOCTOR:

(GASP OF EFFORT, FALLS BACK) I'm all right.

NYSSA:

What happened, did that cell-spider grab you?

DOCTOR:

Not deliberately. That jelly-like substance they're coated in forms a powerful adhesive. My coat stuck to it, dragged me along. So keep back, Nyssa, don't let them— [touch you]

(FX: NYSSA SCREAMS AND THE SOUND PANS AND FADES QUICKLY TO SHOW SHE'S SNATCHED AWAY BY THE CELL-SPIDERS)

DOCTOR:

— touch you. (SHOUTS) Nyssa!

NYSSA:

(YELLING) Doctor, it's got me too!

DOCTOR:

(SHOUTS) Don't struggle now, you'll be trampled. I'm coming after you!

5. INT. MOONBASE CORRIDOR INTO CONTROL ROOM

(NYSSA IS CLINGING TO THE CELL-SPIDER AS IT RACES AFTER ITS FELLOWS)

NYSSA:

Please... whatever you are, stop, so I can free myself. (SHOUTS) Doctor? I don't think the cell-spiders are running mindlessly. They're taking a particular course through this base.

(FX: DOOR HUMS OPEN. A TRANSMAT MACHINE IS OPERATING)

SPIDER:

<HIDEOUS SCREECH>

NYSSA:

(SHOUTS) The cell-spiders have gathered in some kind of control room! There's a machine here, I don't know what it does. Some sort of transportation device...?

(FX: TRANSMAT SOUNDS REACH PEAK, NOISE OF NYSSA AND SPIDERS IS FADING AWAY)

NYSSA:

(DESPERATE) Doctor, they're taking me with them!!!

6. INT. MOONBASE CORRIDOR

(FX: DOORS OPEN)

(SONDERAL AND ELTHAR WALK ALONG)

SONDERAL:

Elthar, these monitoring outposts are self-cleaning and self-repairing, am I right?

ELTHAR:

Right, Captain.

SONDERAL:

So what's that smell? It's been getting stronger all the way from the landing bay.

(ELTHAR PAUSES, STOOPS)

ELTHAR:

Ugh, it's this. A kind of slime on the floor. Sticky.

SONDERAL:

It looks organic.

ELTHAR:

There's a whole trail of it.

SONDERAL:

Another trail to follow, huh?

(FX: DISTANT SMALL EXPLOSION AND WHINE OF A GENERATOR RUNNING DOWN)

ELTHAR:

What was that?

SONDERAL:

It came from the control room. Draw your weapon and reconnoitre. See who the hell is in there.

(FX: ELTHAR WALKS FORWARD AND DOUBLES BACK)

ELTHAR:

It's a man. Blond. Wearing the weirdest uniform. And, er, he seems to be sabotaging a big chunk of the control room.

7. INT. MOONBASE CONTROL ROOM

(DOCTOR IS WORKING AT CONTROLS. SONDERAL AND ELTHAR BURST INTO THE CONTROL ROOM TO CONFRONT HIM)

SONDERAL:

You. Whatever it is you're doing, stop.

DOCTOR:

(BRISK, WORKING ON) Pardon my rewiring of your system controls. My friend was taken from here just a few minutes ago and I must get after her. I can't let you [stop me.]

ELTHAR:

Stop it, whoever the hell you are.

DOCTOR:

I'm the Doctor.

SONDERAL:

Hands in the air.

DOCTOR:

Would you settle for one hand in the air while I finish this little job?

SONDERAL:

Both hands! I'm Captain Sonderal, Intelligence Corps investigation unit, Trans-Solar Rim, and you have just three seconds to step away from those controls.

ELTHAR:

(LOWER) Captain, what are those controls? They're not standard base issue.

SONDERAL:

Not now, Elthar. One... Two...

DOCTOR:

(HITS BUTTON) Three!

(FX: HOWLING ULTRASONIC FREQUENCY EFFECT)

SONDERAL & ELTHAR:

[GASPS, YELLS, AGONY]

(FX: FREQUENCY EFFECT POWERS DOWN)

DOCTOR:

Are you all right? I had a feeling that someone might object to my being here, so I've upgraded the intercom system to carry ultra-high frequencies as a defensive measure. I'm afraid I'll have to switch on again unless you put down your guns and raise your hands. Is that the right way round? I'm normally on the other end of such negotiations.

SONDERAL:

(RECOVERING) Play along, Elthar. Weapons down. (FX: DROP GUNS)
All right, "Doctor" - what are you doing here?

DOCTOR:

Just the question I'd like to put to you. You've installed this outpost on a planetary system outside of Earth's empire, I'm guessing without consent.

SONDERAL:

That's right. The Traxanans have barely reached the space age, they're not ready for first contact with alien civilisations.

DOCTOR:

(ANGER RISING) This outpost marks the end point of a trail of obliterated worlds. Untold numbers of living creatures, gone. Unique and intricate histories and ecosystems, undone. Freedoms fought for, loves, hates and sacrifices, wiped from the fabric of the universe by some monstrous, degenerate weapon.

SONDERAL:

Now hold on.

DOCTOR:

A weapon known as the human race?

SONDERAL:

We're here investigating the disappearance of those same planets. No one has claimed responsibility.

DOCTOR:

What about the creatures here? Glutinous green multipeds.

SONDERAL:

What?

DOCTOR:

My companion called them cell-spiders.

ELTHAR:

(REALISES) That slime we saw, the stink round here...

DOCTOR:

The cell-spiders left this outpost by transmat beam, and took my friend with them. I need to know where they went, and I'd like to know why, but the system's deadlocked.

SONDERAL:

Transmat – you mean, a matter transmitter?

DOCTOR:

Of course!

SONDERAL:

We don't know anything about "cell-spiders", or where your "friend" might have gone. There are thousands of covert monitoring stations, built on the fringes of Earth's empire to guard against possible space invasion. None of them are fitted with transmat beams.

ELTHAR:

If they were, d'you think we'd have come here by beta dart?

SONDERAL:

How did you get here, anyway? We saw no sign of a spaceship.

DOCTOR:

My friend and I parked our conveyance... er, discreetly. I have to find her.

SONDERAL:

I should warn you, Doctor...

DOCTOR:

And I should remind you, I have a dangerous intercom at my disposal.

SONDERAL:

You're an intruder on Empire property!

DOCTOR:

And your empire is trespassing on a world over which it has no dominion. Stalemate, I'd say. How about a truce?

SONDERAL:

A temporary truce.

DOCTOR:

And a pooling of information. But first we must find Nyssa. Elthar – Tech Sergeant Elthar, was it? – you'll know the systems here, that should speed the work along.

ELTHAR:

You're telling the truth, then? About these cell-spiders?

SONDERAL:

Who've built a transmat and come and go as they please?

DOCTOR:

Indeed. You came here in secret and installed your own technology. Now it seems that another force has done the same.

8. INT. MINE PASSAGE ON TRAXANA

(FX: DANK, DRIPPING TUNNEL IN UNDERGROUND MINE. A SOFT INSISTENT BEEPING IN THE DISTANCE LINGERS TO END OF SCENE.)

(NYSSA STIRS FROM UNCONSCIOUSNESS, THEEBE WATCHES)

NYSSA:

(GROGGY) It's so dark. I'm underground. Doctor?

THEEBE:

You don't need a doctor, girl. You've got a lump on your head, that's all, nothing to cry about.

NYSSA:

Who are you? (WINCES) Why are you pointing a gun at me.

THEEBE:

My name is Theebe Bostopol. I'm pointing a gun at you because you got through two dozen security devices to trespass on my property, and I don't know what else you're capable of.

NYSSA:

My name is Nyssa. I don't mean you any harm.

THEEBE:

(SCOFFS) Sure. And there was me thinking you were releasing another bunch of those glowing spider things into my mine.

NYSSA:

I was brought here, to your mine, by those creatures.

THEEBE:

They already got rid of the last of my workers. I suppose you're wanting the biggest lucanol deposits on Traxana for yourself, are you?

NYSSA:

I'm on Traxana? (WINCES AGAIN) My head — I must've hit it on the rockfall there, it knocked me loose. The cell-spiders' skin secretes a sticky paste, you see, perhaps to help them cling to sheer surfaces.

THEEBE:

Your know-how only confirms it: you've got to be the one dumping those things here.

NYSSA:

No. The spiders were sent here over a transmat beam from the outpost on your moon.

THEEBE:

The what now?

NYSSA:

(MUTTERS) Of course, Traxana doesn't have space travel, you won't know about the humans and their base..

THEEBE:

(IMPATIENT) What are you babbling about? I've had enough. Get up! Slowly.

(FX: NYSSA GETS TO HER FEET. SHE HEARS THE BEEPING)

NYSSA:

What's that noise?

THEEBE:

My heat trace scanner. I left it back along the tunnel. I only found you down here because I was hunting those bugs. (BEAT) How did you breed them? There's nothing like them anywhere else on Traxana.

NYSSA:

And you say the creatures drove away your workers?

THEEBE:

I said they got rid of them. For good.

NYSSA:

They kill?

THEEBE:

Doesn't everything? (PAUSE) Those monsters have infested the lowest levels. The mine's on shutdown, I'm losing a ton of money every day. I need to catch me a big spider to haul out to the surface, to show the world just what's happened here - so I can get compensation.

NYSSA:

For the families of the miners who died?

THEEBE:

Sure. Them too.

NYSSA:

Well, I understand your motives. But not very much else. (SIGHS) I must find a way back to the Doctor.

THEEBE:

I told you, there's nothing wrong with you. It's those spiders you have to find.

NYSSA:

If your scanner could be made to work more efficiently, perhaps I can help you. (PAUSE, MORE QUIETLY) And myself too.

9. INT. MOONBASE CONTROL ROOM

(FX: OVER CONTROL ROOM HUM, THE BUZZ OF TOOLS)

DOCTOR:

Aha! There, you see, Tech Sergeant Elthar? I've reverse-engineered a destination log from the transmat's transponder memory.

ELTHAR:

Clever.

DOCTOR:

It'll take some time to auto-compile, then we'll know where Nyssa is. (BEAT) Haven't you managed to reactivate the transmat terminal yet?

ELTHAR:

No, I haven't. (BEAT) If you go chasing off after your friend, Captain Sonderal will not be impressed.

DOCTOR:

Where is she?

ELTHAR:

Scouting for these cell-spiders of yours.

DOCTOR:

That could be dangerous. Here, let me see what you're doing.

ELTHAR:

Be my guest. (SIGHS) Have you seen the number of logic codes and restraints wired in? Its Earth tech, but the way it's been put together...

DOCTOR:

Yes. Ingenious, and extremely devious. Here, give me the probe. Have you tried ...?

(FX: PROBE WHIRR, THEN BRIGHT BEEP)

ELTHAR:

I had not, Doctor!

(FX: PROBE WHIRR, FURTHER BLEEPS AS HE AND DOCTOR WORK AS THEY TALK)

DOCTOR:

Why not let me handle the fission bank dislocation, hmm? (HE STARTS WORK)

ELTHAR:

Doctor, if you're not responsible for this trail of devastated planets, why are you here?

DOCTOR:

As a concerned citizen of the universe.

ELTHAR:

You must work for somebody.

DOCTOR:

Actually, no. (FX: WORKS ON) Now, your employers – Empire Military – they detected the tempo-spatial butchering of a whole string of planets, but only sent two people to investigate?

ELTHAR:

No-one claimed responsibility, no-one issued threats or warnings. It's been happening for thirty years outside of Empire... and the military's hard-stretched. This expedition was only authorised as a science mission after Felkanto went down – it's barely a light year from Empire space. But until we find hard evidence there's a danger to humanity...

DOCTOR:

They're not interested. Typical blinkered attitude.

ELTHAR:

We came here to scan for that evidence.

DOCTOR:

But instead, you found it going on around you. (BEAT) See here, on the probe screen. The power requirements have been calibrated so that they draw and store the necessary power without disrupting normal outpost operations...

ELTHAR:

Because if they did, alarms go off and Empire sends warships.

DOCTOR:

So! Whoever's built the transmat is keen to maintain a low profile. Something tells me your Captain Sonderal isn't going to find these creatures unless they want her to.

ELTHAR:

If they're responsible for the destruction we've seen, they have full-on powers. Why bother to hide at all?

DOCTOR:

Perhaps those powers can't be employed without a period of preparation... What's worrying me is, the energy to power this transmat wouldn't trigger an alarm on its own.

ELTHAR:

Then... your calculating aliens are using the energy to power something else?

DOCTOR:

Yes. I wonder what.

(FX: SONDERAL COMES RUSHING IN, OUT OF BREATH)

SONDERAL:

Elthar, with me.

ELTHAR:

Captain.

DOCTOR:

Please, can't it wait just a minute or two longer? We're close to re-priming the transmat.

SONDERAL:

So you can go after your friend? I think you'll want to see this before you trust alien technology. Move!

10. MINE TUNNEL — TRAXANA

(NYSSA AND THEEBE ARE MOVING THROUGH THE TUNNELS)

THEEBE:

Nyssa, keep moving. (PAUSE) What are you looking at?

NYSSA:

These tunnels, they're all so different.

THEEBE:

You wouldn't expect them to be the same, would you?

NYSSA:

I mean, the rock itself. There are long stalactites of lucanol here, but in the last passage their formation looks to have only just begun.

THEEBE:

So what? I saw a stretch of molten lava way below me nearer the entrance.

NYSSA:

One you'd never seen before?

THEEBE:

It's just tectonics. The rock grinds together on the equator here. Young rock, old rock, who cares as long as it keeps turning out the lucanol. Now, no more sightseeing. Keep moving.

11. MOONBASE CORRIDOR

(SONDERAL, ELTHAR AND THE DOCTOR STRIDE ALONG THE CORRIDOR)

DOCTOR:

What is it you think you've found, Captain Sonderal?

ELTHAR:

More of that slime?

SONDERAL:

No, Elthar. (STOPS STRIDING) Just this section of the corridor.

DOCTOR:

(SURVEYS) Fascinating.

ELTHAR:

Dust is fascinating?

DOCTOR:

The thickness of it. The cell-spiders came this way when Nyssa was taken, and yet it's lying undisturbed... as if for thousands of years. And look, the sealant in the windows there.

SONDERAL:

Crumbling.

ELTHAR:

That sealant is meant to last for millennia. It's decayed.

SONDERAL:

But the areas of the corridor around this stretch are untouched.

DOCTOR:

Another spatio-temporal anomaly.

ELTHAR:

What could cause this?

DOCTOR:

If I were you, I'd scan local space for anomalous activity. That is what you came here to do, isn't it?

ELTHAR:

He's right, Captain.

SONDERAL:

Then get back to the control room, Elthar, and do it.

ELTHAR:

Very good, Captain.

(FX: ELTHAR EXITS)

DOCTOR:

I'll go with him. I must follow Nyssa, find out where the cell-spiders went, what they're being used for – and after seeing this corridor, just what they're capable of.

SONDERAL:

Doctor, wait. You're the only one who's actually witnessed these spiders. Show me where you first saw them. Perhaps we can track them to their entry point.

DOCTOR:

Captain, there's no time to roam this base whistling for the spiders to come out. (SIGHS) I have more sophisticated equipment on the TARDIS.

SONDERAL:

Your discreetly parked "conveyance"?

DOCTOR:

It's this way. Through the dust. Better tread lightly – I'd say the floor has aged several million years. Although it's our own time I'm worried about.

SONDERAL:

What do you mean?

DOCTOR:

I rather think it's running out.

12. EXT. OUTSIDE THE MINE, TRAXANA

(FX: AN ALIEN PASTORAL SCENE, SPACE-CICADAS AND SO ON.)

NYSSA:

Here on the surface, your heat trace scanner should prove more effective, Theebe. (BEAT) Are your tools stored in that out-building?

THEEBE:

Some of them. (SUSPICIOUS) Look, the signal was bad enough underground, how can it be better out here in broad daylight?

NYSSA:

Proximity to raw lucanol affects electrical equipment. (BEAT) Surely that discovery has been made on Traxana?

THEEBE:

Nyssa, I told you I don't believe all this I'm-from-outer-space nonsense! Just switch on the machine.

NYSSA:

Very well.

(FX: NYSSA SWITCHES ON MACHINE. STEADY THRUM OF SIGNAL)

THEEBE:

It really works? Wait. Those glowing blobs on the screen, they're spiders?

NYSSA:

Each one represents a nest. There could be hundreds of cell-spiders in each.

THEEBE:

So I got... (COUNTING) seven nests in the bottom of the mine?

NYSSA:

According to the scan, the deepest passages extend at least a mile below ground. But their distribution through the mine is so regular. They've either been drawn to a spot - or sent there.

THEEBE:

By you.

NYSSA:

I told you, I have nothing to do with them. What about the location of the mine, could that be significant? You said we're on the equator.

THEEBE:

Nice and remote from all those highland cities.

NYSSA:

Perhaps the creatures are drawn along lines of magnetic force?
(BEAT) I wish the Doctor were here.

THEEBE:

(SNORTS) I'm guessing he's a head doctor.

NYSSA:

He's a Doctor of most things, and he'll want to help you, I'm sure. Right now, he'll be trying to find me. (QUIET) So I'd best give him some help.

THEEBE:

What'd you say?

NYSSA:

... just that if I'm to give you some help, I'll need those tools I mentioned. To scan on other wavelengths and boost the signal to get a more precise picture of the cell-spiders' location.

THEEBE:

Can you do that?

NYSSA:

It's your machine, don't you know?

THEEBE:

My... 'business partner' took care of that stuff. Till the spiders took care of her.

NYSSA:

I'm sorry.

THEEBE:

If you don't help me out you will be. Well, there are tools in the work hut there. (FX: OPENS HUT DOORS) And... look at what else there is. A whole lot of mining explosive. (LOW) Just what I need.

NYSSA:

Before I reconfigure the circuits, I'll check the basic signal strength.

(FX: BLEEPS)

THEEBE:

What are those icons at the side of the screen?

NYSSA:

I think they make up the index file. As for which wavelengths each stands for I suppose we just press each in turn and see..

(FX: SOFT BEEPS AS SHE PRESSES, UNTIL A FAINT, SINISTER
STACKEY HEARTBEAT SOUND CAN BE HEARD: THE DALEK CONTROL ROOM
HEARTBEAT, GRUNGED UP SO NOT YET RECOGNISABLE)

THEEBE:

What IS that?

NYSSA:

Subsonic wavelength. Strange. It sounds like a heartbeat.

13. INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM

(FX: TARDIS DOORS. DOCTOR AND SONDERAL ENTER.)

DOCTOR:

Welcome aboard the TARDIS, Captain Sonderal.

(FX: DOORS CLOSE)

SONDERAL:

(SHAKEN) To insanity in a box. All this space inside. Does... does it bury itself upon landing?

DOCTOR:

(DISTRACTED, WORKING CONTROLS) No. It's simply bigger on the... [TRAILS OFF] I wonder if that's what we're up against.

SONDERAL:

A force that's buried itself beneath the moonbase after landing, allowing the cell-spiders discreet entry?

DOCTOR:

Or a force with a time and space machine like mine.

SONDERAL:

Time and space?

DOCTOR:

That corridor had aged millions of years – localised temporal spillage from a damaged space-time drive could explain it.

SONDERAL:

Assuming such a thing is possible, could it also have destroyed all those planets – as some sort of side-effect rather than a weapon? I mean, there's no strategic sense in obliterating those worlds. No one has come forward to take responsibility...

DOCTOR:

Ten worlds is a lot of accidents. (BEAT) Let's see if we can find its energy trace.

(FX: AS IN 'THE VISITATION', SCANNING CONTROLS GIVE WAY TO:)

(FX: SAME DISTORTED HEARTBEAT EFFECT OVER TARDIS SPEAKERS – AGAIN, NOT RECOGNISABLE)

SONDERAL:

What's that?

DOCTOR:

Advanced technology, located at the northern perimeter of this base.

SONDERAL:

You've found them? Well, how many are there?

DOCTOR:

I don't know.

SONDERAL:

How many weapons do you have on board?

DOCTOR:

Including intelligence, experience and formidable negotiation skills?

SONDERAL:

No.

DOCTOR:

None.

SONDERAL:

Unbelievable. I'll have to signal Empire for back-up. (FX: COMMS BUZZ) That's Elthar on comms. (FX: WORKS COMMS) Sonderal.

ELTHAR:

(COMMS) Captain, I've scanned local space, and detected a concentration of those anomalous particles.

DOCTOR:

Where?

ELTHAR:

(COMMS) On Traxana. Population, five billion. And going by your reverse-engineered destination log, Doctor... your friend's one of them.

DOCTOR:

Nyssa...!

CROSS TO:

14. INT. MOONBASE CONTROL ROOM [CONTINUOUS]

(DIRECT CONTINUATION OF SCENE 13 BUT NOW FROM ELTHAR'S POV)

ELTHAR:

The log records one hundred and eighty seven matter transmissions to different underground points across Traxana's equator in the last year, the last ten all within a fifty-mile radius. But I'm picking up a faint signal on infra-red wavebands from the site your friend was sent to.

DOCTOR:

(COMMS) And the transmat's functioning?

ELTHAR:

It is.

DOCTOR (COMMS):

Splendid! You can expect us shortly.

15. INT. TRAXANA UNDERGROUND MINE PASSAGE

(FX: NYSSA AND THEEBE MOVING ALONG WITH SCANNER)

THEEBE:

Come on, Nyssa, move faster. It didn't take you long to boost the scanner signal. A couple of packs of mining explosive shouldn't slow you down this much.

NYSSA:

I'm not in a hurry to blow myself up.

THEEBE:

I showed you, they have to be primed first. (FX: SHAKES SCANNER) How come the scanner's not showing the spider nests any more?

NYSSA:

(LYING) It's... on a deep search cycle, Theebe. They'll show soon.

THEEBE:

And then...

NYSSA:

Please, won't you think again about this plan? Delivering high-explosives into the lowest levels and detonating them might not destroy the spider nests, but it will damage the structural integrity of your mine.

THEEBE:

It'll bury those things alive. There're plenty of seams near the surface. You can see from the glow around you.

NYSSA:

(STOPS WALKING) I'm sure we came this way before, and the lucanol was mined out. How can a mineral reform?

THEEBE:

You're crazy.

NYSSA:

I'm certain we were here. It's as if the physical landscape is being affected by some form of time spillage...

THEEBE:

(SPLUTTERS) You can't spill time like it's water!

NYSSA:

I don't mean it that way. These spider-creatures are alien, Theebe, you don't know what they can do!

THEEBE:

And neither do you, or so you keep telling me. If the spiders are responsible – well, then: it's good we're gonna bury them, right?

NYSSA:

(SIGHS) Where are we going, exactly?

THEEBE:

Back to where I found you first. There's a shaft close by that runs straight down for half-a-mile. Down go the blasting packs. Boom.

NYSSA:

All right. But what if, then... up come the spiders??

16. INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM

DOCTOR:

Right, Captain Sonderal. I've got a fix on Nyssa's location at last, it's high time I went after her.

(FX: TARDIS DOORS OPEN. DOCTOR MAKES TO GO, BUT THERE'S A WARNING BUZZ FROM THE CONSOLE — OVER 'HEARTBEAT', NOW GOING FASTER)

SONDERAL:

What's that?

DOCTOR:

Wait... (ALARM) The scanners show a massive spike in the alien power demand. They're operating something. Raise Elthar.

(FX: COMMUNICATOR)

SONDERAL:

Elthar.

ELTHAR:

(COMMS) Here, Captain.

DOCTOR:

Elthar, something's drawing on the outpost's energy systems. Can you shut down the power?

ELTHAR:

(COMMS) I can try... No. No, the controls won't respond.

(FX: THROUGH THE TARDIS OPEN DOORS WE HEAR THE SKITTERING OF APPROACHING SPIDERS)

DOCTOR:

Oh, no.

SONDERAL:

Cell-spiders!

17. INT. MINE PASSAGE ON TRAXANA (AS SC. 8)

(FX: NYSSA AND THEEBE WALKING ON. NYSSA STOPS)

NYSSA:

I have to rest, Theebe. These blast packs, they're so heavy.

THEEBE:

You really are dainty, aren't you? You can rest in a moment. It's coming up just ahead – the place where I found you with those beloved bugs of yours.

(THEY SET OFF)

NYSSA:

What were you even doing down here? You had no equipment.

THEEBE:

Well, I got plenty now, don't I? Watch out for the rockfall, we don't want you bumping those explosives the way you banged your head right?

NYSSA:

There is no rockfall.

THEEBE:

What?

NYSSA:

Look, it's gone. As if time has unwound here. Theebe, something the spiders brought with them has affected... Wait, what's that? Where the rockfall was.

THEEBE:

Nothing. Come on—

NYSSA:

It's a body. Someone's hurt. (SHE HURRIES FORWARD)

THEEBE:

Stay away from that.

NYSSA:

It's a woman. She must've been buried under the rockfall before... (BEAT) She's dead. Shot in the chest.

THEEBE:

(CALM) That's right.

NYSSA:

You knew?

THEEBE:

Yes. Because I did it.

18a. INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM

(FX: THE SPIDERS APPROACHING)

SONDERAL:

There are hundreds of them!

DOCTOR:

Yes, it seems a fresh batch has spawned.

SONDERAL:

To use the transmat? But it's been disconnected.

DOCTOR:

Give me the comms. (SNATCHES) Elthar! Get out of the control room!

ELTHAR:

(COMMS) What?

DOCTOR:

There's a horde of cell-spiders coming your way.

SONDERAL:

Doctor, your ship doors are open—!

DOCTOR:

I know! — Red lever, there.

(FX: SHE PULLS, DOORS START TO CLOSE BUT THEN STICK AS A GIANT CELL-SPIDER CREATURE — WHICH WILL PROVE TO BE THE SCION PRIME — BURSTS INTO THE TARDIS)

SONDERAL:

(SHOUTS) Doctor - spider!!

DOCTOR:

Oh no. It's wedged in the doors!

(FX: GUNFIRE)

SCION:

[TERRIFYING HUNGRY SHRIEK AND STRAINING]

SONDERAL:

My gun has no effect. That thing's massive.

DOCTOR:

Twice the size of the ones that took Nyssa.

SCION:

[SHRIEK AND CLATTER OF PROBING LEGS]

DOCTOR:

Sonderal, get back! It's breaking in!!!

END OF PART ONE

PART TWO

REPRISE:

SONDERAL:

(SHOUTS) Doctor - spider!!

DOCTOR:

Oh no. It's wedged in the doors!

(FX: GUNFIRE)

SCION:

[TERRIFYING HUNGRY SHRIEK AND STRAINING]

SONDERAL:

My gun has no effect. That thing's massive.

DOCTOR:

Twice the size of the ones that took Nyssa.

SCION:

[SHRIEK AND CLATTER OF PROBING LEGS]

DOCTOR:

Sonderal, get back! It's breaking in!!!

CONTINUES INTO:

18b. INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM [CONTINUOUS]

(FX: TARDIS DOORS STRAIN ALARMINGLY)

SONDERAL:

Elthar? Elthar, get over here. Follow this signal, we need backup.

DOCTOR:

(SNATCHES COMMS) No, give me that! Elthar - is there a self-destruct assembly for this outpost?

ELTHAR:

(COMMS) Yes, but you told me to get out.

DOCTOR:

Activate the self-destruct!

ELTHAR:

(COMMS) That's crazy.

SCION:

[HORRIFYING YOWL]

DOCTOR:

Do it! Now!!! Sonderal, tell him.

SONDERAL:

That's an order, Elthar!

ELTHAR:

(COMMS) Understood.

SONDERAL:

Doctor, what the hell are you thinking, blow up the base—?

DOCTOR:

Wait.

(FX: SCION RAILS AND ROARS THEN WITHDRAWS, CLATTERING)

SONDERAL:

It... it's going. Leaving us alone. Why?

DOCTOR:

(FASCINATED) Like a hive queen set apart from the drones it controls. It does have intelligence.

SONDERAL:

That thing knows I ordered Elthar to destroy the control room?

DOCTOR:

And obviously considers that a priority over dealing with us. It still needs the control room – and the transmat.

SONDERAL:

So it's gone to stop Elthar? We must warn him. (FX: COMMS)
Elthar, abort self-destruct and get out, for real this time.
Elthar?

(FX: STATIC)

DOCTOR:

Something's blocking your communicator.

SONDERAL:

That's too damned intelligent. Come on, we can reach him on the base intercom.

DOCTOR:

We can't. Not since I rewired it to create the ultrasonic defence as you arrived. (FX: TARDIS DOOR OPENS) We'll have to reach him the old fashioned way – Run!!

19. INT. MINE PASSAGE ON TRAXANA

NYSSA:

Theebe, what happened? Who was this woman?

THEEBE:

She owned the mine - before I did.

NYSSA:

You killed her for it?

THEEBE:

Her and the rest of the syndicate. They flipped out when those spiders started to appear, and some of the tunnels turned inside out. A couple of miners got killed - all heads and legs sticking out of the walls. She was going to tell the authorities, bring in investigators. Shut down the whole mine.

NYSSA:

She wanted to act responsibly.

THEEBE:

She always was stupid. I figured that if the spiders killed two of us, why couldn't they kill the whole lot?

NYSSA:

But the cell-spiders don't kill with bullets.

THEEBE:

Which is why I buried the evidence, just like you're on your way down to do. We'll blow up the lower levels, kill the spiders, drag out a few of their sticky green corpses - that and those arms and legs and heads in the wall will be enough to convince the authorities that those critters killed everyone but me. So full control passes to the sole survivor, and I can sell out for a fortune the first chance I get.

20. INT. MOONBASE CORRIDOR

(DOCTOR AND SONDERAL RUNNING ALONG CORRIDOR. THEY PAUSE, PANTING. DISTANT CHITTER OF SPIDERS IN CONTROL ROOM AHEAD)

SONDERAL:

Doctor... Listen! Sounds like...?

DOCTOR:

Cell-spiders. They're in the control room.

ELTHAR:

(DISTANT) <AGONISED SCREAM>

DOCTOR:

And so is Elthar.

(THEY RUN OFF AGAIN. AS THEY RUN:)

(FX: TRANSMAT NOISE. SPIDER CHITTERS/SCRAPES STOP)

DOCTOR:

That's the transmat in operation. The cell-spiders have regained control.

SONDERAL:

And transported themselves?

DOCTOR:

Subterranean delivery one hundred and eighty-eight. Come on!

21. INT. MOONBASE CONTROL ROOM

(FX: DOORS OPEN. DOCTOR AND SONDERAL RUSH IN)

(FX: SCION MAKING LOW NOISES, MOTIONLESS, IN PAIN)

SONDERAL:

(HORROR) Elthar...!! Oh, no. No.

DOCTOR:

Move carefully, Sonderal. That bloated cell-spider looks like the one from the TARDIS. Twice the size, twice the danger.

SCION:

<WARNING CHITTER>

SONDERAL:

It can't do anything - look, it's trapped.

DOCTOR:

In the actual fabric of the wall. Like- [Elthar]

SONDERAL:

Like Elthar.

ELTHAR:

(STIRS, AGONY) Get... get out of here.

SONDERAL:

Elthar...?

DOCTOR:

Let me see! There may be a way to save him.

SONDERAL:

Save him? Doctor, he's sticking out of the wall!

ELTHAR:

(DEATH'S DOOR) The cell-spiders. Doctor, they reversed everything we did.

DOCTOR:

Another time shift.

ELTHAR:

The technology... put itself back together. I was knocked into the wall by those things as they piled into the transmission field... it was still in flux.

SONDERAL:

(UGH!) And it reformed around your body?

DOCTOR:

Causing a massive systems failure.

ELTHAR:

In me as well as the transmat... (BEAT) Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Easy, Elthar.

ELTHAR:

I'm sorry the transmat's bust now. Your... friend.

DOCTOR:

No way to reach Nyssa now. (SIGHS) The co-ordinates were lost in the rollback of time.

ELTHAR:

Wrong. Six-zero-eleven-five-epsilon-apple-two.

DOCTOR:

(HOPE!!) You remember?

ELTHAR:

Like... it's a part of me. Six-zero-eleven-five-epsilon-apple-two, that was last location. Six-zero-eleven-five-epsilon-apple-two...

DOCTOR:

Well done, Tech-Sergeant Elthar. First class!

ELTHAR:

Nah... second class...

(HE DIES)

SONDERAL:

Peace hereafter, soldier.

SPIDER:

<SPITEFUL HISS>

DOCTOR:

But no peace in the meantime. Stay well back from that oversized cell-spider, Sonderal. I've got to get this transmat working again!

22. INT. MINE PASSAGE ON TRAXANA

NYSSA:

Theebe, there's so much more at stake than this mine. The cell-spiders came here by matter transporter from an outpost in space. They have the power to cause spatial-temporal anomalies. The whole of Traxana is in danger.

THEEBE:

You're insane, Nyssa. It's obvious that you found those spiders someplace and started all this. So if I have to kill a mad woman in self-defence, well...

NYSSA:

I'm not mad. I'm alien. You and I might look the same but we are different. (DISGUST) So very different.

(FX: WHIRR OF THE MATTER TRANSMITTER. FIRST WHISPERS OF CELL-SPIDER CHITTERING)

THEEBE:

What's that?

NYSSA:

The matter transporter. I tried to tell you. More cell-spiders are coming. You see? Scores of them, appearing out of nowhere!

THEEBE:

A trick.

(FX: TRANSMAT FADES AS SPIDER NOISE TAKES PROMINENCE)

NYSSA:

Press yourself flat against the wall.

THEEBE:

They're disgusting.

(FX: THEEBE FIRES HER GUN)

NYSSA:

Bullets can't stop them, you'll just draw their attention to us.

THEEBE:

Use the explosives! Those things are sticky, you said – the blasting packs will stick to them.

NYSSA:

No! We have to learn what it is they want!

(NYSSA GOES AFTER THE CHITTERING SPIDERS)

THEEBE:

Nyssa, I'm not finished with you. Are you mad?! Come back here!!

23. INT. TRANSMAT CONTROL ROOM

(FX: DOCTOR WORKS SOME CONTROLS.)

SONDERAL:

Are you getting anywhere with the transmat?

DOCTOR:

Nowhere!! (FX: THUMP AS HE KICKS IT) The controls are frozen.

SONDERAL:

And kicking them doesn't help?

DOCTOR:

They are frozen in time. Disengaged from the present.

SONDERAL:

(VENGEFUL) What about that giant spider thing? How come it's still alive when Elthar is dead?

SCION:

<SINISTER CHITTER>

DOCTOR:

Don't provoke it. Trapped inside the superstructure, it must be dying. (PAUSE) But dying in whose name?

SONDERAL:

You said that thing was the controller?

DOCTOR:

Of the foot soldiers, yes. Directing the hive, but taking its orders from something else in turn... (PAUSE) Or its programming.

SONDERAL:

Programming? You think it's a cyborg?

DOCTOR:

These creatures spawn very quickly, requiring large amounts of power in order to do so, yes?

SONDERAL:

I suppose so.

DOCTOR:

Perhaps some kind of clone-generation technique is employed. Creatures with pre-programmed minds which have the ability to affect the temporal motion of their environment, forward in time, or backward. (SIGHS) There's something I'm missing.

SONDERAL:

(PAUSE) Nyssa?

DOCTOR:

Yes. Well, Nyssa is brilliant in the field of bioelectronics. (BEAT) Bioelectronic. That heartbeat sound we heard in the TARDIS. A living, thinking, self-supporting machine. I wonder.. (BURSTS INTO FLIGHTY ACTION, WORKING CONTROLS ETC) Elthar was scanning local space, we can turn that scan inward easily enough.

SONDERAL:

I thought the controls were frozen in time?

DOCTOR:

Only the transmat, not the rest of the systems.

(FX: THE DISGUISED HEARTBEAT SOUNDS THROUGH THE CONTROL ROOM)

DOCTOR:

There it is. But heavily shielded. Let's see if we can boost the signal strength. Flick those switches there, would you?

SONDERAL:

These?

DOCTOR:

Yes. It should start becoming clearer, now...

(FX: FAMILIAR DALEK CONTROL ROOM EFFECT THUDS OUT)

DOCTOR:

Why. Why are my worst suspicions always confirmed?

SONDERAL:

What is it?

DOCTOR:

The creatures behind this. My oldest enemies. Life's oldest enemies.

(FX: 2 DALEKS APPROACHING DOWN CORRIDOR OUTSIDE)

SONDERAL:

Doctor, outside in the corridor—

DALEK #1:

Do not move.

DALEK #2:

You are our prisoners.

DOCTOR:

Daleks.

24. TRAXANA MINE BESIDE CHASM

(FX: CELL-SPIDERS AS THEY SCUTTLE INTO CHASM. PULSE OF THEEBE'S SCANNER GETTING CLOSER AS SHE APPROACHES)

NYSSA:

There they go. Down into the depths.

THEEBE:

(BEHIND) They didn't attack you?

NYSSA:

No. You should be pleased. They went just where you wanted, down the deepest shaft in this mine. (PAUSE) Give me the scanner.

THEEBE:

Mind those blasting packs.

NYSSA:

Give it to me. (FX: CHANGE OF SCANNER PULSE) I want to know what's drawing those creatures down there. Now I've boosted the power, it should show us a wider area.

THEEBE:

What's showing – tunnels?

NYSSA:

Yes. A network of passages running for miles through the mantle.

THEEBE:

But those weren't there before. The geological survey would've shown them up.

NYSSA:

Then the cell-spiders are burrowing animals.

THEEBE:

Through solid rock?

NYSSA:

We know they have a unique relationship with the local landscape. An arachnid knows how to build a web by instinct – perhaps these creatures follow similar genetic instructions.

THEEBE:

What kind of a web are they making?

NYSSA:

I don't know. But look at the scanner. Their excavations trace the equatorial circumference of this world.

THEEBE:

What?

NYSSA:

The mine is a convenient start point for the cell-spiders since it extends so deeply into Traxana's crust. Now they've burrowed deeper still, until their tunnels connect all the way around the planet.

THEEBE:

That's impossible.

NYSSA:

It's incredible, but it's fact. Don't waste time asking how. What we need to know is why.

THEEBE:

That's what you need to know, not me. I just want them out of this mine. And since your blasting packs are primed to detonate on impact – you can take the quick way down.

(THEEBE TRIES TO FORCE NYSSA OVER THE EDGE.)

NYSSA:

(GRAPPLING) Theebe, get off me!

THEEBE:

No-one's gonna miss you, are they? The space girl who knew too much.

NYSSA:

Please, you don't have to do this.

THEEBE:

After all I've done...? This is nothing.

NYSSA:

<SCREAMS AS SHE GOES OVER THE PRECIPICE>

25. INT. TRANSMAT CONTROL ROOM

SONDERAL:

(WHISPERS) Doctor, I know my history, I know about the Daleks. We're dead, aren't we?

DOCTOR:

Not yet, Sonderal.

DALEK #1:

Be silent.

SCION:

<AGGRESSIVE CHITTERS>

DALEK #1:

The first of the Scion Primes is dying.

DOCTOR:

Scion Prime? You mean to say it's a descendant of yours? Yes, of course, like the cell-spiders – formed from Dalek DNA.

DALEK #2:

You are responsible for its condition.

DOCTOR:

No. Your pet multipeds did it while attempting to repair your secret transmat station.

SONDERAL:

Daleks invading an Earth Empire military outpost – that could be construed as an act of war.

DALEK #1:

Alien frontiers mean nothing to the Daleks.

DOCTOR:

Except in so much as their bases offer you a place from which to aim your attacks in secret.

DALEK #2:

Inspect the matter transmitter.

DALEK #1:

I obey.

DOCTOR:

Attacks that removed whole planets from the fabric of the universe! Felkanto, Ottonius, all of them. You're responsible for the slaughter and desecration of billions of lives!!

DALEK #2:

Your views are unimportant.

DALEK #1:

Matter transmitter non-functional.

DALEK #2:

The matter transmitter must be restored.

DOCTOR:

I couldn't agree more. (BEAT) You know, I didn't suspect your involvement, despite your striking at the fifth dimension as well as the fourth. Daleks kill with surgical precision – why would you seek to leave a thirty-year trail of anomalous vandalism behind you? To place blame on others?

DALEK #1:

The destruction of the planets was not intentional.

DOCTOR:

What...?

DALEK #2:

Do not advise him! He is a Movellan spy!

SONDERAL:

(ASIDE) Movellan?

DOCTOR:

(ASIDE) A robotic race, the Daleks' archenemies for a time.

DALEK #1:

For all time!

DALEK #1:

All Movellans and their agents will be exterminated.

DOCTOR:

The Movellans left this sector of space almost a century ago – after crushing your forces.

DALEK #2:

You lie. You seek to avert the final Dalek victory!

DALEK #1:

We are ready to act. The process has been perfected.

DOCTOR:

What "process"?

DALEK #2:

The matter transmitter must be restored. Exterminate the intruders.

DOCTOR:

Wait! We can help you. We're humanoids with flexible digits fitted to the task, we'll be faster than you.

SONDERAL:

I'll summon my technical team at once... on the intercom.

DOCTOR:

(WITH MEANING) Yes. Be sure to call them on full volume.

(FX: THE SAME SONIC ONSLAUGHT FROM PART ONE)

(FX: TRAPPED SCION HOWLS)

DALEK #1:

Auditory circuits overloading.

DALEK #2:

(AFFECTED) Ex-ter-min-ate!

DOCTOR:

Run, Sonderal!

(FX: AS DOCTOR AND SONDERAL RUN FROM ROOM — DALEK RAY GUN AND IMPACT. NOISE DIES AWAY)

DALEK #2:

Intruders escaping! (SPEEDS AWAY) Pursuit mode engaged.

DALEK #1:

I will restore the matter transmitter.

SCION:

<WEAK CHITTERS>

DALEK #1:

You have failed the Daleks. You have failed ... me. (PAUSE)
Exterminate.

(FX: DEATH RAY. SCION DIES)

26. INT. MOONBASE CORRIDOR

(DOCTOR and SONDERAL sprint from DALEK 2)

SONDERAL:

All right, Doctor, what now?

DOCTOR:

Back to the TARDIS.

DALEK #2:

Halt! You will be exterminated.

(FX: GUN STICK FIRES)

SONDERAL:

Our little trick didn't stop them for long.

DOCTOR:

I'm surprised it stopped them at all. These Daleks seem worn down, below par...

DALEK #2:

Obey the Daleks!

(FX: GUN STICK FIRES)

SONDERAL:

(GASPS) You'd hardly know. That was too close.

DOCTOR:

Almost there! Faster!

(FX: THEY SPRINT, DOCTOR UNLOCKS TARDIS)

DOCTOR:

Key in the lock... and in!

DALEK #2:

Exterminate.

(FX: GUN STICK FIRES; SIMULTANEOUSLY, TARDIS DOOR SLAMS)

27. INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM

(FX: DOORS CLOSING)

DOCTOR:

I'll programme Nyssa's last known location into the flight computer and hope for the best.

SONDERAL:

You can't steer your ship?

DOCTOR:

She has her moods. (FX: CONSOLE BUTTON-PRESSING) Come on, old girl. Look for an infra-red reading close to these co-ordinates...

(FX: DEMATERIALISATION/TARDIS INTERIOR IN FLIGHT)

SONDERAL:

I've got to get a message to the Empire. Daleks, here, on the fringes of our space!

DOCTOR:

I don't think humanity's their target. This is a small enclave, in deep cover, obsessed with the war against the Movellans. A war they don't even know is over.

SONDERAL:

Or they refuse to accept that it is. Like they refuse to accept responsibility for destroying those planets.

DOCTOR:

And now their 'process' has been perfected, they're ready to act.

28. DALEK CONTROL ROOM

(FX: DALEK HEARTBEAT SOUND & HATCHING TANKS)

(FX: DOOR OPENS, DALEK #2 TALKS WITH DALEK #3)

DALEK #2:

The humanoids have escaped inside an alien artefact.

DALEK #3:

A TARDIS. The male intruder is the Doctor.

DALEK #2:

Doctor...?

DALEK #3:

The greatest enemy of the Daleks. He has travelled to Traxana. He seeks to stop our work.

DALEK #2:

The chronoplasms are almost in position. The Daleks' triumph is inevitable.

DALEK #3:

Then our cover shall be broken. I shall inform the council of Skaro. The defeats of the past will be avenged. The new Dalek Age will begin.

29. INT: MINE ON TRAXANA — NEAR PRECIPICE

(FX: TARDIS MATERIALISES. DOORS OPEN)

SONDERAL:

(EXITING) This is Traxana?

DOCTOR:

At the exact co-ordinates worked out by Elthar.

THEEBE:

(OFF) What in the hell...?

SONDERAL:

Doctor, look!

DOCTOR:

Ah! Hello, I didn't see you behind the rocks.

SONDERAL:

(SOTTO) She's a native?

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) So it seems.

THEEBE:

That box, it just appeared out— [of nowhere]

DOCTOR:

(IMPATIENT) Yes, yes, I know. Please, have you seen my friend Nyssa? Dark curly hair and terribly nice.

THEEBE:

(SCARED) Then it was all real? You're her doctor...?

DOCTOR:

I'm the Doctor, this is Sonderal. (BEAT) You've met Nyssa?

SONDERAL:

Doctor, she's holding a gun.

THEEBE:

Damn right I am. I don't know what in hell is happening today but that mine shaft's big enough for any number of bodies, so don't— AAAGGHH!

(FX: SONDERAL'S GUN FIRES. THEEBE COLLAPSES)

SONDERAL:

Greetings from planet Earth. My gun's bigger than yours.

DOCTOR:

(SARCASTIC) A pithy summation of Earth Empire foreign policy, Sonderal, but she can't tell us much while lying unconscious! She's clearly met Nyssa, but – [we don't know]

NYSSA:

(OFF) Yes, and she tried to kill me.

DOCTOR:

(SPINS ROUND) Nyssa! There you are. Are you all right?

SONDERAL:

All right? She's floating in mid-air above a mine shaft, Doctor!

NYSSA:

Theebe there threw me off the precipice but the technology detected my fall. It caught me.

DOCTOR:

A gravity lift? Well, well. Nyssa, this is Sonderal.

NYSSA:

I'm pleased to meet you.

SONDERAL:

I can't honestly say I'm pleased about anything right now.

DOCTOR:

Be pleased you won't have to take the steps. Room for two more in the gravity lift, Nyssa? (HE JUMPS IN) So there is.

NYSSA:

There's a vast excavation work beneath the crust of Traxana. You must see the scale of it all. The cell-spiders are being controlled and guided.

SONDERAL:

Yes. By the Daleks.

NYSSA:

The Daleks?! The Daleks are here?

DOCTOR:

A scientific splinter group. They must be responsible for this lift, as well as spawning the cell-spiders. Jump in, Sonderal. We can share notes on the way down.

30. DALEK CONTROL ROOM

(FX: DALEK COMMUNICATOR NOISE)

DALEK #2:

Report.

DALEK #1:

(D) Matter transmitter restored to normal function.

DALEK #2:

Proceed to Traxana. Find and exterminate all who would interfere with the Dalek plan.

DALEK #3:

The Scion Primes will follow you.

DALEK #1:

(D) I obey.

DALEK #2:

Critical mass will be achieved when the last of the scions has spawned and been placed in position. Open your casing.

DALEK #3:

I concur.

(FX: DALEK DOME RISES)

DALEK #2:

I will extract the necessary tissue.

(FX: SINISTER TOOL BUZZES... AND BITES INTO FLESH)

DALEK #3:

<SCREAMS>

31. DESCENDING MINE SHAFT

(FX: HUM OF GRAVITY LIFT)

SONDERAL:

My ears must have popped fifty times. How far down are we?

NYSSA:

Miles by my calculations.

DOCTOR:

What do you make of the green luminescence down here, Nyssa...

NYSSA:

Slime trails of the cell-spiders, I think.

SONDERAL:

Delicious. (BEAT) What's that grey thing below us?

NYSSA:

A backpack, full of explosives. Theebe threw me down here to set them off. She thought they would close up the mine. But she was mistaken.

(FX: HUM DIES)

DOCTOR:

End of the line.

SONDERAL:

(STARTS OFF) Finally!

NYSSA:

Don't touch the backpack, Sonderal. I don't know how stable those explosives are.

DOCTOR:

This way, into the cavern.

[THEY WALK INTO NEXT SCENE:]

32. GIANT CAVERN [CONTINUOUS]

SONDERAL:

It's vast!

NYSSA:

It's part of a gigantic passageway encircling Traxana's core.

DOCTOR:

Dalek engineering, impressive as ever.

SONDERAL:

You'd need a thousand backpacks full of explosives to come close to caving in these works. Look at those cell-spiders, hunched up on the ledges.

NYSSA:

It's as if they've crawled into set positions. But do you notice the empty space in the design?

DOCTOR:

Yes. As if awaiting the arrival of the hive leader...

(FX: DALEK #1 GLIDING IN FROM OFF)

DALEK #1:

You are correct.

NYSSA:

A Dalek!

SONDERAL:

And it's blocking the way back to the lift..

DOCTOR:

(TO DALEK) So you repaired the transmat? Bravo. Now your scion primes can sally forth and take up their position.

DALEK #1:

You will not interfere with the Dalek design.

DOCTOR:

And what IS the Dalek design, hmm? Wanton celestial desecration??

DALEK #1:

Your words are emotive. The process needed to be tested. Now we have corrected our failures.

SONDERAL:

And done what?

DALEK #1:

The chronoplasms are infused with time technology. When the Scion Primes are in position they will activate the power of the swarm.

NYSSA:

Using some form of aggregation pheromone?

DOCTOR:

Like a signal, yes. And once your time-sensitive cell-spiders are all set, what then?

DALEK #1:

They will freeze time around the core of Traxana.

NYSSA:

(GOBSMACKED) They'll stop Traxana spinning on its axis??

SONDERAL:

But Traxana's like Earth, it spins through space at a thousand miles per hour. If that spin is stopped dead...

DOCTOR:

Dead is the word. Traxana's mass may be halted but its atmosphere will still be in motion. Thousand-mile-an-hour winds will scour the landmasses down to the bedrock. Cities and wilderness alike, all life, will be literally blown away – a blank slate ready for Dalek occupation.

DALEK #1:

All worlds will become Dalek worlds.

NYSSA:

No!

DALEK #1:

The process will not fail. The Daleks will will infest key strategic worlds throughout the galaxy. Movella. Earth. Gallifrey. All will fall before the might of the Daleks!!!!!!

SONDERAL:

Look away, you two!

(FX: SONDERAL FIRES GUN. NYSSA'S BACKPACK DETONATES.)

DALEK #1:

<SCREAMS AND DIES>

DOCTOR:

Sonderal, that was appallingly dangerous! You had no way of knowing how much explosive was in that backpack.

SONDERAL:

I saw my chance, I took it. What next?

DOCTOR:

The Scion Primes will soon be swarming through these caverns, ready to trigger the final pulse that will either stop this planet dead, or reduce it to so much anomalous rubble. We've got to get back to the moonbase and find a way to stop it!

33. INT. DALEK CONTROL ROOM

(FX: CONTROL ROOM HEARTBEAT & GROTESQUE HATCHINGS OF THE SCION PRIMES)

DALEK #2:

Scion Prime accelerated evolution in progress.

DALEK #3:

Injecting irradiated cells. Temporal programming achieved.

DALEK #2:

Open the hatching tank. Release the Scions.

(FX: BLOATED ARACHNOIDS RELEASED TO EXIT)

DALEK #3:

Matter transmitter prepared. Destinations set on automatic.

DALEK #2:

Once the Scions are in position, we shall send the activation signal. The process will begin.

34. DELETED

35. INT. MOONBASE

(FX: TARDIS MATERIALISES. DOCTOR, NYSSA AND SONDERAL BURST FROM INSIDE. BATTLE STATIONS!)

NYSSA:

We're back where we started, on the moonbase.

SONDERAL:

The cell-spiders came this way before.

DOCTOR:

And with luck they will again. I'm going to use the TARDIS force field generator to extrude an energy barrier, try to trap them within it.

NYSSA:

Will the force field be strong enough? How many scion primes are we talking about?

(FX: DISTANT SCREECH, CLACK AND CHITTER)

SONDERAL:

Too many.

DOCTOR:

I have to start work. Nyssa, you and Sonderal must put the transmat out of action. Sonderal, give me your communicator, you go and get Elthar's. Keep in touch.

(HE RUNS INSIDE TARDIS)

SONDERAL:

(CALLS AFTER) I saw what happened to Elthar. If those monsters slip your force field they'll simply reverse any damage we do!

NYSSA:

Sonderal, we must try.

SONDERAL:

This isn't even an Empire world. My duty is t-[o]

NYSSA:

Your duty is to life! There are billions of people living on Traxana.

SONDERAL:

Like the charming Theebe?

NYSSA:

Good or bad, no matter the cost, we can't abandon them.

SONDERAL:

The Doctor was right. You really are nice, aren't you. (BEAT)
You know, Theebe might be able to help us – especially if she's
still unconscious. Come on.

36. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM

(FX: FRANTIC BUTTON PRESSING, WHIRR OF SYSTEMS)

DOCTOR:

(FEVERISHLY, TO SELF) Force field generator couplings... there. Reconfigure the outflow through the extrusion array...

(FX: SLOW BUILD - SCIONS APPROACH)

DOCTOR:

Here they come. (FX: FLIPS COMMUNICATOR) Nyssa, Sonderal, have you reached the transmat?

NYSSA:

(COMMS) Yes. But we haven't disabled it yet. Sonderal had an idea [that-]

DOCTOR:

The scions are almost on me. Here goes. In three, two, one—

(FX: FORCEFIELD EXTRUDES)

SCION PRIMES:

<BLOODTHIRSTY SHRIEKS>

NYSSA:

(COMMS) Did it work? Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Yes, they're caught in the TARDIS forcefield. Now, if I can calculate the range of enclosure required, take off with them and rematerialize in space...

(FX: POWER FLUCTUATES)

DOCTOR:

Oh, no.

NYSSA:

(COMMS) Doctor?

DOCTOR:

There must be over a hundred scions trying to break through. And like the cell-spiders they generate time spillage. Entropy and renewal, accelerating through the TARDIS systems. The console can't contain it!!!

NYSSA:

(COMMS) Doctor, get out of there!

(FX: CONSOLE EXPLODES)

37. INT. DALEK CONTROL ROOM

DALEK #3:

Detectors show Scion Prime progress no longer halted by force field.

DALEK #2:

The Doctor has failed. Prime units now proceeding to transmat area.

DALEK #3:

Alert! Sensors detect humans in proximity.

DALEK #2:

I shall exterminate them. Distribution of Scion Primes must proceed as planned. You will remain here and prepare to send activation signal.

DALEK #3:

I obey.

38. INT. MOONBASE CONTROL ROOM

(FX: TRANSMAT NOISE AND CHITTERS)

SONDERAL:

The way those things just wait in line to be transported - it's eerie.

NYSSA:

It's programming. These creatures have no free will. They were bred for one purpose.

SONDERAL:

Let's just hope our plan works better than the Doctor's did.

NYSSA:

I hope he's all right. That it was just the comms cut out.

SONDERAL:

So do I. Without him I don't know how we can find the Daleks' control centre and stop that signal [before...]

(FX: DALEK #2 ENTERS)

DALEK #2:

Do not move.

NYSSA:

Too late. They've found us.

39. INT. TRAXANA MINE

(THEEBE STIRS)

THEEBE:

Uhhh... what the hell hit me? [Never seen a gun like -]

(FX: TRANSMAT OPERATING. CHITTERS)

THEEBE:

What's that? - Spiders!

(FX: SCION PRIME STAMPEDE)

THEEBE:

But they were never that big...!

SCION PRIME:

<BELLOWED ROAR>

THEEBE:

Explosives. Where's my backpack? (REALISATION) Someone's stolen my backpack!

(FX: SCION RUSHES TOWARDS HER.)

THEEBE:

Back! Get back! The tunnel's not wide enough, you're gonna trample meeeeeee-!

(FX: MESSY IMPACT. THEEBE'S SCREAMS CHOKE OFF)

40. INT. MOONBASE CONTROL ROOM

DALEK #2:

Your sabotage has failed. When the Scion Primes are in position the signal will be activated.

NYSSA:

And the process will begin.

SONDERAL:

Traxana stops spinning.

(FX: DOOR OPENS)

DOCTOR:

(CALLS) Speaking of spin, I was once up against the cricketer Wilfred Rhodes. Best left-arm spinner I ever met.

DALEK #2:

Doctor!!

DOCTOR:

After me, that is. (HE BOWLS) Down, you two!

DALEK #2:

Extermin-AAAAAAAAAAGH

(FX: DALEK FIRES. HUGE EXPLOSION)

NYSSA:

Doctor!

DOCTOR:

Hmm, shooting a blasting pack in mid-air: excellent aim, questionable judgement. You're both unharmed?

SONDERAL:

Just about. Which is more than you can say for the transmat now.

NYSSA:

You took the leftover explosive from the backpack outside?

DOCTOR:

Yes. I take it you've been back to Traxana...?

NYSSA:

The co-ordinates were already programmed. I sent Sonderal across...

SONDERAL:

I helped myself to Theebe's pack, and Nyssa brought me back – in time to attach timed explosive charges to the scions.

DOCTOR:

They didn't realise?

NYSSA:

The cell-spiders were so sticky they dragged me away with one touch. The scions are more glutinous still.

DOCTOR:

Yes, well, that's very – enterprising of you both. Where's Theebe now?

NYSSA:

Still unconscious. Don't worry, I told Sonderal to move her out of the scions' path. (CONCERN) You did move her like I said, didn't you, [Sonderal?]

SONDERAL:

(TOO QUICKLY – SHE'S LYING) Yes, of course. (CHANGING THE SUBJECT) Anyway – we've got about fifteen minutes 'til the charges detonate.

NYSSA:

With all the Scion Primes blown to bits, the cell-spiders won't receive the pheromone trigger, and the process can't be completed.

DOCTOR:

Except there's one last Dalek still at large. If it triggers the activation signal before the Scions detonate...

SONDERAL:

Then it'll all have been for nothing.

DOCTOR:

(RUNS FROM ROOM) Come on!

41. INT. DALEK CONTROL ROOM

DALEK #3:

Control to transmat.

(FX: STATIC)

DALEK #3:

Contact lost. (FX: OPERATES CONTROLS) Traxana scan shows Scion Primes nearing final positions. Signal to be transmitted in ten... nine... eight...

(DOCTOR RUNS IN. FX: FAINT FORCE FIELD SOUND)

DOCTOR:

Stop! You will not activate that signal.

DALEK #3:

Exterminate!

(FX: DALEK FIRES. FORCE FIELD FLARES)

DOCTOR:

That won't work. I'm holding the TARDIS's force field generator.

NYSSA:

We collected it on our way here.

DOCTOR:

It was thrown clear when the console blew. Protected by its own force field.

SONDERAL:

Now it's protecting us too.

DOCTOR:

So if I step in the way of your controls, you can't reach them through the barrier.

DALEK #3:

Scions in position. The signal will be activated. I will burn through your barrier.

(FX: DALEK FIRES x 2)

DOCTOR:

You're not strong enough!

DALEK #3:

Maximum charge.

(FX: DALEK POWER RISE — HEARTBEAT SOUND ACCELERATES?)

NYSSA:

Doctor, its casing, it's shaking.

SONDERAL:

What's it doing?

DOCTOR:

Channelling every last scintilla of energy into its weapon for a final blast.

NYSSA:

Will the barrier hold?

DALEK #3:

(STRAINED, RISING) Exterminate.

(FX: MASSIVE DALEK DEATH RAY/FORCE FIELD FLARE)

DOCTOR:

The force field's collapsing!!

SONDERAL: |

Then we're finished...!

(FX: SERIES OF EXPLOSIONS. COMMS: SCREECHES OF DYING CELL-SPIDERS)

NYSSA:

Doctor, look - the monitors.

DOCTOR:

(DAZED) The Scion Primes...

NYSSA:

They're going up in flames! The timers have counted down!!

DALEK #3:

(SLUGGISH) No! Activate signal. Activate signal.

DOCTOR:

You're too late, Dalek. And it looks to me as if you've used the last of your power.

DALEK #3:

(DYING) Doctor... will pay.

DOCTOR:

The force-field generator's run down. Go ahead, do your worst.

DALEK #3:

Ex... ext...

DOCTOR:

You haven't the energy to exterminate an earwig.

DALEK #3:

Ex- ex - ex...

(VOICE RUNS DOWN AS IT DIES)

SONDERAL:

Is it dead?

NYSSA:

Yes. It's over.

42. INT. MOONBASE CORRIDOR

(FADE UP. DOCTOR, NYSSA AND SONDERAL WALK SLOWLY TOGETHER)

SONDERAL:

You don't have to walk me to the landing bay, you know. I can find my ship.

NYSSA:

You'll contact your Empire and make a full report?

DOCTOR:

In triplicate, I dare say.

SONDERAL:

Speaking of my report: I know the scions were destroyed, but the majority of the cell-spiders on Traxana must have survived?

DOCTOR:

Best to leave out all mention of them. We don't want Earth's military chasing after that kind of technology.

SONDERAL:

No.

NYSSA:

The spiders will die out in time. Still waiting for a signal that will never come. I hope Theebe leaves them well alone... and that her crimes come to light.

SONDERAL:

Well, you know... what goes around, comes around. (CHANGING SUBJECT) And what about you two? That crazy blue box of yours is a mess.

NYSSA:

The console overloaded. It'll take days to repair.

DOCTOR:

Well, we've nothing pressing. Although I was thinking we could catch the Australian tour of England in 1902...

NYSSA:

Is that more cricket?

SONDERAL:

Take your time on those repairs, Doctor. For her sake. (BEAT) Well, here's the launch bay. Time to go.

(FX: HEAVY DOORS OPEN)

NYSSA:

Goodbye, Sonderal.

DOCTOR:
Safe travels.

SONDERAL:
And to you. I'd say 'See you again,' [but —]

(FX: DALEK DEATH RAY FROM OFF)

SONDERAL:
AAAAAGHHHHH!!!

NYSSA:
Doctor, she's dead!

(FX: SEVERAL DALEKS GLIDE IN)

DOCTOR:
More Daleks?!

DALEK #1:
Do not move!

DOCTOR:
Do as they say, Nyssa.

DALEK #2:
Where is the enclave?

DALEK #1:
The enclave summoned a command ship.

NYSSA:
So that's where they've come from!

DOCTOR:
(TO DALEK) I'm not sorry to say, the Dalek enclave has been destroyed. Now it's my turn, I suppose?

NYSSA:
Doctor, there must be something we can do?

DALEK #1:
Escape is impossible. You are our prisoners! You are the prisoners of the Daleks!

MUSIC: CLOSING THEME

[NB: STORY CONTINUES IN *DALEK SOUL*]



DALEK SOUL

by Guy Adams

THE DOCTOR: PETER DAVISON

Loyal supporter of the Daleks, cruel and sadistic.

NYSSA: SARAH SUTTON

Chief virologist for the Daleks, confused and conflicted.

PRECUSO:

(F, 40s) Assistant to Nyssa, a guilty collaborator.

FALEX: (also COMPUTER)

(F, 20s-30s) Lieutenant in a rebel army.

TORU

(M, 40s-50s) Leader of the rebels [only ever heard through a voice filter].

THE DALEKS: NICHOLAS BRIGGS

ALSO: KRILLEM and SALDO [rebel prisoners].

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PART ONE

1. INT. VIRAL RESEARCH LAB/TEST CUBICLE.

FX. DALEK PULSE. DOOR SLIDES OPEN.

DALEK #1:

Bring in the test subjects.

FX. TWO PRISONERS ARE ESCORTED IN BY A SECOND DALEK.

DALEK #2:

Move!!!

KRILLEM:

This is unacceptable! We are free citizens of Mojox. We've done nothing wrong!

SALDO:

(MOCKING) Yeah! – I mean, we may have blown up the odd Dalek transmitter but who hasn't?

KRILLEM:

(HISSED) Shut up, Saldo!

SALDO:

Save your breath, Krillem. There's no going back. They'd kill you even if they thought you were innocent. Which they don't, obviously.

DALEK #2:

Silence!

DALEK #1:

Prisoners will enter the test cubicle.

FX. CUBICLE DOOR HISSES OPEN AND THE DALEK HERDS THEM IN. THE SECOND PRISONER STUMBLES SLIGHTLY.

SALDO:

(RESPONSE NOISE TO STUMBLING) Oof! Careful! Don't want me to hurt myself now do you? (LAUGHS)

FX. WE CROSS TO INSIDE CUBICLE AS THE DOOR CLOSES ON THEM.

KRILLEM:

How can you be so... amused by all this?

SALDO:

Oh, I'm not amused. I'm just tired. We've been fighting so long this is almost a relief.

KRILLEM:

I don't want to die...

SALDO:

I don't think you've got much say in the matter.

FX. A KLAXON SOUNDS OUTSIDE THE CUBICLE.

KRILLEM:

(PANIC BUILDING) What's that? What's happening?

SALDO:

Don't know, maybe it's starting.

KRILLEM:

What's starting?

SALDO:

Whatever it is that's going to kill us. (SNIFFS) Can you smell something? (SNIFFS) Sweet, like fried anjak.

KRILLEM:

I can't smell anything!

SALDO:

Yeah, definitely... a sweet smell, like carnival food. Gas? Are they pumping gas in here?

KRILLEM:

(PAINED SLOW MOAN, HE'S BEING AFFECTED BY WHATEVER THE DALEKS HAVE INTRODUCED INTO THE CUBICLE) I... I feel strange, Saldo...

SALDO:

Strange how?

KRILLEM:

My eyes, they've gone all - all blurry. My heart's beating so fast it feels like... like it's going to explode!

FX. HE STARTS SCRATCHING.

KRILLEM:

Something's... itching me. Itching me from the inside.

SALDO:

(AFFECTED TOO, SPEAKING SLOWLY, AS IF WORDS ARE NOW COMPLICATED TO HIM) Under the skin. Yeah. Yeah, I - I... feel it too.

KRILLEM:

(SCREAMS)

FX. HE FALLS TO THE FLOOR.

KRILLEM:

(MAD, ANIMAL LIKE GRUNTING, VOICE BECOMING SAVAGE) It's in me!
In my bones! Changing me...!

SALDO:

Changing? Changing into what...?

KRILLEM:

(MAD ROAR) Shut up!

FX. HE LEAPS AT THE OTHER PRISONER. GRABBING HIM.

SALDO:

(STRUGGLING) What are you doing? Get... off... me!

FX. KRILLEM SLAMS SALDO AGAINST THE WALL.

KRILLEM:

(EFFORT NOISE OF SLAMMING THE OTHER MAN, AN ANIMAL GROWL.)

SALDO:

(RESPONSE TO BEING SLAMMED)

KRILLEM:

Kill you! Kill you! Kill you!

FX. HE SLAMS THE PRISONER AGAIN AND AGAIN. WE CROSS BACK OUT TO THE LAB, THE DALEK PULSE RETURNING. FROM INSIDE THE CUBICLE THERE'S THE FRANTIC DULL POUNDING AS KRILLEM BEATS SALDO AGAINST THE WALL. IT SLOWS. THEN STOPS. A BEAT.

DALEK #1:

The viral strain is too selective.

DALEK #2:

The secondary specimen showed minimal signs of aggression. (FX: SWIVELS) Chief Virologist will explain!

DALEK #1:

Explain!

DALEK #2:

Explain!

NYSSA:

(SIGHS) I know, it's still not working. I'm sorry. I'll see what I can do.

2. INT. CAVE NETWORK.

FX. DRIPPING CAVES, A GROUP OF AROUND TWENTY REBEL SOLDIERS MAKING THEIR WAY THROUGH THEM. RUSTLE OF A MAP.

FALEX:

According to the map we're almost there.

DOCTOR:

Yes, not far now, another half a kilometre or so.

FX. FALEX PUTS THE MAP AWAY.

FALEX:

I just hope the men are still capable of fighting once we arrive. Marching for hours through these damned tunnels...

DOCTOR:

Well, it was the only way we could get past the Dalek security perimeter. Look, Lieutenant Falex – they'll manage, I'm sure. Toru has every faith in you all.

FALEX:

Not quite enough faith to come with us, though.

DOCTOR:

Yes... I must admit I had higher hopes for Toru than that. I didn't think he was the sort of man who led from the rear.

FALEX:

He's the figurehead of the rebellion, he likes to stay safe. He's never been a fighter, not really, but he's good at whipping up a crowd.

DOCTOR:

A crowd that marches off to fight his battles, yes.

FALEX:

We'll be alright. After all, we've got an expert at fighting the Daleks, haven't we? We've got you!

DOCTOR:

Hmm...

FX. THEY CONTINUE THROUGH THE CAVES.

3. INT. VIRAL RESEARCH LAB.

NYSSA:

Assistant Precuso, kindly sterilise the cubicle.

PRECUSO:

Of course. Vaporising test subject corpses... now.

FX. OFF, A SURGE OF ENERGY, A DEVICE TO VAPORISE THE TEST SUBJECTS IN THE CUBICLE. THE ENERGY FADES.

PRECUSO:

Cubicle now sterile. (SIGHS) If only it worked on guilt.

NYSSA:

What do you mean?

PRECUSO:

Killing my own people doesn't come easily. (BEAT) Nor should it.

NYSSA:

Yes, of course. But it's necessary. And they're not really your people, Precuso. They stopped being that once they decided to join the rebels.

PRECUSO:

Rebelling against the Daleks, I'm... (QUIETLY) I'm not sure that's so wrong.

NYSSA:

(SOTTO) Shh! They've probably got listening devices in here.

PRECUSO:

(NORMAL) Yes, they probably have.

NYSSA:

(ALoud) The rebels are dangerous, violent criminals.

PRECUSO:

Perhaps, but that doesn't mean we have to enjoy watching them die, does it? Not as horribly as that.

NYSSA:

Yes... (BEAT) I wish there was a better way of approaching the problem. But virus six-P-eighty-four could finally bring peace to the planet. If we release it amongst the rebels...

PRECUSO:

... they'll attack and kill one another, saving the Daleks the trouble.

NYSSA:

You can see why the Daleks would want such a weapon.

PRECUSO:

Oh, I can see why the Daleks would want it. It's why you're so happy to make it for them that puzzles me.

NYSSA:

It's my job, Precuso. Chief Virologist. Yours too, remember?

PRECUSO:

Under pain of death, yes. I'm a coward, I admit that. If I had an ounce of strength I'd be out there fighting, not handing you test tubes in here. But you... They never threaten you, they never attack you – you just do it.

NYSSA:

The Daleks are our friends. I serve them gladly. Without them, this planet, your people, would be considerably worse off than they currently are.

PRECUSO:

You really think so?

NYSSA:

Of course.

PRECUSO:

(BEAT) Strange. For a genius you really can be very stupid.

4. INT. CAVES.

FX. REBEL GROUP MARCHING.

FALEX:

Halt!

FX. THE REBELS STOP WALKING.

FALEX:

Right...

FX. PUTS AWAY MAP.

FALEX:

This is the vent. It leads directly into the main power complex. (CALLING BACK TO HIS MEN) You, there! Bring the cutting laser.

DOCTOR:

Wait, Lieutenant!

FX. HE MOVES FORWARD, STARTS CHECKING THE GRILLE.

DOCTOR:

The Daleks may have booby-trapped the vent. I should check before you start shooting lasers at it.

FALEX:

Just be quick about it. According to the schedule we got from our mole on the disposal team, there's only twenty minutes before the next scheduled venting.

DOCTOR:

And the last thing we want is to be still inside the pipe when several hundred gallons of depleted vilonium are flooding through it, I know.

FALEX:

Do you know what's left of a person after they're hit by a vilonium discharge?

DOCTOR:

Yes... nothing whatsoever. It's an idiotic substance to rely on for energy production. Far too volatile. I told Toru as much.

FALEX:

It's what we have, and it's efficient.

DOCTOR:

More efficient as a weapon than a fuel source I'd say. – Still, one problem at a time... (SPOTS SOMETHING) Ah-ha!

FALEX:

What is it, Doctor?

FX. WE HEAR HIM UNSCREW SOMETHING.

DOCTOR:

Pretty basic – an explosive charge with a thermic trigger. If you'd heated up the metal surrounding it, it would have detonated. (DEVICE NOW UNSCREWED) There. – Catch.

FX. HE THROWS IT TO FALEX.

FALEX:

(PANICKED) What? (HE CATCHES IT) Ah!

DOCTOR:

It's alright, Lieutenant – I'd already defused it. All clear now.

FALEX:

(CALLING) You heard the Doctor. Where's that cutting laser?

FX. A COUPLE OF SOLDIERS MOVE FORWARD, CARRYING A LARGE CUTTING DEVICE BETWEEN THEM.

FALEX:

Now
get that vent open.

FX. LASER STARTS CUTTING THE GRILLE.

5. INT. VIRAL RESEARCH LAB.

FX. DOOR SLIDES OPEN, A DALEK ENTERS.

DALEK:

Chief Virologist – report!

NYSSA:

It's only been an hour or so, I'm still going through the data.

DALEK:

It is imperative that the virus is ready soon.

NYSSA:

I know, I'm working as quickly as I can.

DALEK:

I will order two more test subjects to be brought here.

NYSSA:

There's really no need, I'm not ready for another test run. Maybe tomorrow.

DALEK:

That timeframe is unacceptable. More tests will be run today.

NYSSA:

(SIGHS) Fine. Give me a couple of hours and we'll try again.

FX. THE DALEK LEAVES, DOOR OPENING THEN CLOSING BEHIND IT.

PRECUSO:

Why did you agree to more tests?

NYSSA:

It didn't give me much choice.

PRECUSO:

But you know we won't have manufactured a new strain in a couple of hours. It'll end up being a repeat of the last test, that's all. It's a waste of time!

NYSSA:

If it keeps the Daleks satisfied, then maybe they'll let us get on in peace.

PRECUSO:

So you're letting two more people die just to buy us time?

NYSSA:

(UNCERTAIN) I didn't know what else to say.

PRECUSO:

You should have stood your ground.

NYSSA:

(EXPLODING) They'll be dead soon anyway! What does it matter if it's today? Tomorrow? The day after? The minute those rebels attacked the Daleks their lives were over. And if you don't watch what you say, Precuso – you'll be next!

PRECUSO:

(LOSING HER BRAVERY) Yes, sorry, I shouldn't have argued. Forgive me.

NYSSA:

(ASHAMED OF HER OUTBURST) No, no, it's me who should apologise. I'm tired, I haven't been sleeping well and... (BRUSHING THIS OFF) It doesn't matter. We should just get on with it.

PRECUSO:

(STILL SUBSERVIENT) Whatever you say.

FX. SHE MOVES OFF.

NYSSA:

(TO HERSELF) What's wrong with me? I must focus... (SIGHS) If only the Doctor were here.

6. INT. POWER ROOM.

FX. OFF, THE SOUND OF THE LASER CUTTER FROM INSIDE THE PIPE. IT STOPS, THERE'S A LOUD SCRAPING AS THE METAL IT'S CUT AWAY IS PUSHED FREE, CLATTERING ON THE FLOOR. THE REBELS START CLIMBING OUT, FALEX AND THE DOCTOR FIRST.

FALEX:

Mind the edges, they'll still be hot.

DOCTOR:

Well, yes, obviously.

FX. THE REBELS CONTINUE TO CLIMB OUT. AS FALEX AND THE DOCTOR MOVE AROUND.

DOCTOR:

I'd better cancel the venting.

FX. HE MOVES OVER TO A CONTROL PANEL AND STARTS PRESSING SWITCHES.

FALEX:

We've five minutes to go, everyone will be clear by then anyway.

DOCTOR:

Yes, leaving a great big whole in the pipe. (BEAT, WAITING FOR FALEX TO UNDERSTAND) The vilonium would pour right into this room.

FALEX:

(PENNY DROPPING) Oh, yes. Maybe that's not a bad idea, though? If we destroyed the power complex we could cripple the whole city.

DOCTOR:

Hardly. You might interrupt the power supply for a few hours, but the Daleks have built in so many back-ups and redundancies that they'd soon get everything running again. No, it's computer control we want, Lieutenant. Destroy that and we'll really make a difference.

FALEX:

If you say so.

DOCTOR:

I do.

FX. HE HITS A COUPLE MORE BUTTONS.

DOCTOR:

There, all safe now.

FALEX:

Why are you doing this?

DOCTOR:

Didn't I just explain?

FALEX:

Not cancelling the venting. Helping us. I mean, it's not your planet. Why do care about the Dalek occupation?

DOCTOR:

You're asking me that now, Falex? After walking through miles of tunnels and risking your life on my word?

FALEX:

Well, Toru trusts you.

DOCTOR:

But, as we've previously discussed, Toru isn't here, is he?

FALEX:

No, but he's no idiot. If he thinks you're one of us, then I believe him. I just wondered why you were doing it, that's all.

DOCTOR:

I'm doing what I think is right. Isn't that reason enough?

FX. ALL THE REBELS HAVE NOW EXITED THE PIPE.

DOCTOR:

Everyone ready? Let's get to computer control.

FX. THEY MOVE TO THE EXIT.

FALEX:

Do you want to check for booby traps again?

DOCTOR:

On an internal door? Even the Daleks aren't that paranoid.

FX. HE HITS A BUTTON AND THE DOOR OPENS.

DOCTOR:

Coast is clear, quick as you can...

FX. AS THE REBELS MOVE INTO THE CORRIDOR:

FALEX:

I hope the Daleks haven't thought to install cameras.

DOCTOR:

We'll have to take the risk. Move quickly and keep your eyes and ears open.

FX. THE REBELS ARE THROUGH. THE DOOR TO THE POWER ROOM CLOSES BEHIND THEM.

DOCTOR (OFF):

I'll go ahead, just in case.

FX. HE JOGS ALONG THE CORRIDOR.

FALEX:

Wait! Doctor!

DOCTOR (OFF):

(SHOUTING) Now!

FX. 4 x DALEKS MOVE IN FROM ALL SIDES, ALL SHOUTING THE SAME ORDER, OVERLAPPING FROM LEFT AND RIGHT.

DALEKS x 4:

Halt! Do not move!

FALEX:

Daleks! But — (CALLING) Retreat!!!

FX. THE SOLDIERS RUN. FALEX BEATS AT THE DOOR CONTROL LEADING BACK INTO THE POWER ROOM. IT DOESN'T WORK.

FALEX:

The door! They've sealed it, we can't get back out!

DOCTOR:

(OFF BUT MOVING IN) I'm afraid not, Lieutenant Falex. After all — the last thing we want is to damage any of the power equipment. Why, it could cripple the entire city.

FALEX:

You! You sold us out! Traitor!

DOCTOR:

Traitor? No. I'm ever loyal... to the Daleks. (BEAT) I think you know what happens now.

FX. DALEKS MOVE IN.

FALEX:

No. No...!

DALEKS x 4:

Exterminate the rebel soldiers! Exterminate!!!

FX. THE SOUND OF THEIR WEAPONS, REBELS FALLING.

DALEK + 20 x REBELS:

(DEATH CRIES)

FX. ALL OVER, A BEAT OF SILENCE.

DALEK:

Rebel soldiers have been exterminated.

DOCTOR:

Yes. Not a bad morning's work, I suppose.

MUSIC: SEGUE.

7. INT. CANTEEN.

FX. OFF THE SOUND OF PEOPLE EATING AND DRINKING. NYSSA IS SAT FLICKING THROUGH SHEAVES OF PAPERS, READING.

NYSSA:

(SOTTO, TO SELF) Next, physico-chemical properties. Thermal stability – check. Detergent stability – check. Molecular mass – [check.]

DOCTOR:

(COMING OVER) Well, if it isn't chief virologist Nyssa!

NYSSA:

Doctor? – Doctor, I'm so glad to see you... You've been gone for weeks.

DOCTOR:

Yes, well, I'm back. For now.

NYSSA:

Please, won't you sit with me?

DOCTOR:

I don't see why not. I have a little time to spare.

FX. HE PULLS OUT A CHAIR AND SITS DOWN.

NYSSA:

Doctor... I've missed you.

DOCTOR:

I'd have thought you'd have been too busy to notice me gone.

NYSSA:

You're not far wrong.

DOCTOR:

Tell me – is there a particular reason why you're sat here in the corner of the canteen, all alone with a pile of papers? You don't even appear to be eating anything.

NYSSA:

I just wanted to get out of the lab for an hour, to see if a change of scenery helped me come to any new conclusions.

DOCTOR:

And has it?

NYSSA:

(SIGHS) No, not really. I'm still having a problem with the Mojoxalli immune system. The people all respond immediately to the virus, but some only exhibit minor symptoms – itching, some retrograde thought function.

DOCTOR:

No more than that, though?

NYSSA:

No. They don't become violent. Just confused, simple-minded.

DOCTOR:

The people of this planet are simple enough, they don't need encouraging.

NYSSA:

That's not fair. I know the rebels have been a problem, but the Mojoxalli have a generally high intelligence.

DOCTOR:

(NON-COMMITTAL GRUNT) So how close are you to solving the problem? I'm due to see the Black Dalek shortly and he's bound to ask.

NYSSA:

Extremely close, I think. It would help if the Daleks left me alone more. They want constant reports, constant trial runs. We... (GUILTY, QUIET) We ran a test on two subjects an hour or so ago, but it was completely pointless. I knew it was, my lab assistant knew it was... We just killed two people in order to keep the Daleks happy.

DOCTOR:

And you're feeling guilty?

NYSSA:

It's just... Sometimes I have doubts. So many dead test subjects... it's hard.

(BEAT)

DOCTOR:

You want me to tell you I understand.

NYSSA:

(THROWN BY HIS FRANKNESS) I suppose so, yes...

DOCTOR:

Well, I don't. The rebels are beneath our consideration, it hardly matters if ten die or ten thousand. You've a job to do, Nyssa and instead of doing it, you're sitting here moping, looking to me to make you feel better.

NYSSA:

I'm hardly moping. (PICKS UP PAPERS) Look, I've been going through the data...

DOCTOR:

(INTERRUPTING) Well go through it again, and solve the problem. The Daleks have been generous to put up with so many delays. If they don't see results soon they'll decide you're no longer worth keeping alive. Frankly, I might even agree with them.

FX. HE GETS UP.

NYSSA:

(UPSET) Doctor, you know I'm trying my best...

DOCTOR:

(SIGHS, THEN SOFTER) Look, it's late. Maybe you're right. Walk away from it for an hour; two, even. Clear your head. Maybe then you'll be able to see what you're doing wrong.

FX. SHE GETS UP.

NYSSA:

(HURT) Yes, maybe I will.

FX. SHE WALKS OUT.

MUSIC: SEGUE

8. INT. NYSSA'S ROOM.

FX. DOOR OPENS, NYSSA WALKS IN. SLUMPS DOWN IN A CHAIR.

NYSSA:

Computer, display messages.

FX. A BLEEP FROM THE COMPUTER.

COMPUTER:

You have one new message.

NYSSA:

Play message.

FX. ANOTHER BLEEP. THE MAN IS SPEAKING THROUGH A VOICE FILTER.

TORU: (D)

Hello, Nyssa. This call cannot be traced. By all means try if you wish, although bear in mind the Daleks are likely to punish you simply for receiving it. ow things about you that I think I should share.

NYSSA:

Computer, pause playback.

FX. COMPUTER BLEEPES.

NYSSA:

Computer, state location of caller.

COMPUTER:

Caller's location not registered.

(BEAT)

NYSSA:

Resume playback.

TORU: (D)

You think you know who you are. Loyal supporter of the Daleks, Chief Virologist... A friend to the Mojoxalli, even. You're none of those things. Please don't misunderstand me, I'm not insulting you, I mean what I say quite literally. You are not who you think you are. (BEAT) I'll call again soon, with evidence.

FX. THE COMPUTER BEEPS TO SIGNAL THE END OF THE MESSAGE.

NYSSA:

Absurd. I know exactly who I am. (BEAT) Don't I?

9. DALEK CONTROL ROOM.

FX. DALEK PULSE. A DOOR OPENS, THE DOCTOR ENTERS.

DOCTOR:

Ah. There you are, Black Dalek.

BLACK DALEK:

Doctor. Report!

DOCTOR:

Twenty rebels dead. Not as many as I'd have liked. But I've made contact with their leader, Toru. He thinks I managed to escape, and that I'm hiding in the city.

BLACK DALEK:

He still trusts you?

DOCTOR:

It would appear so. He's not particularly intelligent.

BLACK DALEK:

It would be a mistake to underestimate him.

DOCTOR:

An even greater mistake to overestimate him. You forget, Black Dalek – I've spent the last couple of weeks embedded with him and his pathetic excuse for a rebel army. They're weak, both in numbers and ability.

BLACK DALEK:

They continue to cause disruption.

DOCTOR:

I told you I'd deal with them and I'm doing so. If you doubt me, count the scorch marks in corridor forty-nine.

FX. THE BLACK DALEK MOVES FORWARD.

BLACK DALEK:

You are not in control here. You are a slave of the Daleks.

DOCTOR:

A slave you've allowed a good deal of autonomy, because I get things done. (BEAT) My loyalty can hardly be in question?

(BEAT)

FX. THE BLACK DALEK MOVES OFF SLIGHTLY.

BLACK DALEK:

No.

DOCTOR:

Well then, just trust me to do my job – hmm? The rebels won't be a problem much longer, anyway. As soon as the virus is ready we'll be rid of the lot of them.

BLACK DALEK:

Progress is too slow.

DOCTOR:

Yes, I talked to Nyssa– (CORRECTS HIMSELF) Chief Virologist Nyssa earlier. I think she was having a momentary attack of conscience.

BLACK DALEK:

Explain.

DOCTOR:

You'd get better results from her if you didn't force her to conduct so many live tests.

BLACK DALEK:

We must have the virus soon.

DOCTOR:

Which is precisely why I'm advising you to let her organise the trial schedule.

BLACK DALEK:

Without live testing, we will not know if the virus works.

DOCTOR:

I'm not saying don't do it, just that you'll get a better response from her if – well, if she feels she's in control. She finds the deaths of the test subjects... troubling.

BLACK DALEK:

Why?

DOCTOR:

Who knows? Try it, though – I think it will make her work faster.

(BEAT)

BLACK DALEK:

Chief virologist will be given temporary control of all live testing. But we must have results soon.

DOCTOR:

I'm convinced she's close. I suggest you give her another forty-eight hours. Then, if that hasn't worked, you could always exterminate her lab assistant. That'd give her a bit of added motivation.

BLACK DALEK:

Agreed.

10. INT. NYSSA'S ROOM.

FX. COMPUTER BLEEPES, A CALL COMING THROUGH.

COMPUTER:
Incoming call.

FX. NYSSA HAS DOZED OFF, THE ALERT WAKES HER.

NYSSA:
(WAKING WITH A START) Hmm? (BRAIN SNAPPING AWAKE) Accept.

FX. THE COMPUTER BLEEPES.

TORU: (D)
Nyssa?

NYSSA:
Who are you?

TORU: (D)
If I told you my name is Toru... would you cut the call?

NYSSA:
The rebel leader?! I should cut the call, certainly...

TORU: (D)
But you won't.

NYSSA:
(THINKS) No.

TORU: (D)
Because you want to hear what I have to say, don't you?

NYSSA:
(UNCERTAIN) I suppose so.

TORU: (D)
Interesting. On a subconscious level you know something's wrong, don't you? I've given you no evidence – not yet at least – but you're willing to hear me out.

NYSSA:
I'm a scientist, Toru. Scientists believe in hearing all the evidence before arriving at a conclusion.

TORU: (D)
Really? And is that the process you used before deciding to ally yourself with the Daleks? – When did you decide to ally yourself with the Daleks, Nyssa? Can you even remember?

NYSSA:

Of course! I came here with the Doctor. He knew the Daleks well, and... well, we've been helping them ever since.

TORU: (D)

(ANGRY) The Doctor... Yes, he knows the Daleks very well, I think. (BRUSHING THIS OFF) But you haven't answered my question. When did you arrive on Mojox?

NYSSA:

Oh I don't know, I've been working so hard the days all blur into one... A couple of months ago, something like that?

TORU: (D)

I see. Look, I'm sending you a video file.

FX. COMPUTER BLEEP TO SIGNIFY FILE RECEIVED.

TORU: (D)

Play it, you may find it interesting.

NYSSA:

Very well. – Computer, play received video file.

FX. COMPUTER BLEEPS, AND PLAYS A SLIGHTLY DISTORTED REPRISE FROM 'ALIEN HEART', SCENE 42:

INT. MOONBASE CORRIDOR.

(FX: SEVERAL DALEKS GLIDE IN)

DOCTOR:

More Daleks?!

DALEK #1:

Do not move!

DOCTOR:

Do as they say, Nyssa.

DALEK #2:

Where is the enclave?

DALEK #1:

The enclave summoned a command ship.

NYSSA:

So that's where they've come from!

DOCTOR:

(TO DALEK) *I'm not sorry to say, the Dalek enclave has been destroyed. Now it's my turn, I suppose?*

NYSSA:

Doctor, there must be something we can do?

DALEK #1:

Escape is impossible. You are our prisoners! You are the prisoners of the Daleks!

RECAP ENDS.

FX. COMPUTER BEEP SIGNIFYING END OF FILE.

TORU: (D)

Interesting?

NYSSA:

(CONFUSED) I... I don't remember any of that.

TORU: (D)

You wouldn't. I'm sending you another file. Just a data sheet this time.

FX. COMPUTER BLEEP TO SIGNIFY FILE RECEIVED.

TORU: (D)

If you open it, you'll see it's a prisoner transfer file. You and the Doctor were brought here from the planet Traxana.

NYSSA:

Traxana? I've never even heard of Traxana. (READING) This is all very well, Toru, but you could easily have forged this.

TORU: (D)

If that were the case – I'd have made the date more believable.

NYSSA:

The date...? (READS; SHOCK) But that's... That's five years ago!

TORU: (D)

Rather longer than "a couple of months", no?

NYSSA:

This doesn't make any sense.

TORU: (D)

It will, but you'll have to trust me for a while longer. Can you do that?

NYSSA:

I don't trust you at all, why should I?

TORU: (D)

(LAUGHS) I suppose that's fair. Alright, you don't have to trust me, but just keep acting like the scientist you are and gather evidence. Fair?

NYSSA:

I suppose so.

TORU: (D)

Fine. Transfer this call to an earpiece, you're going to need to go on a little trip.

MUSIC: SEGUE

11. INT. CORRIDOR.

FX. NYSSA RUNS ALONG, COMING TO A HALT.

NYSSA:

This is mad. Why am I even considering this?

FX. TORU SPEAKING TO HER VIA EARPIECE.

TORU: (D)

Because you know that something's not right. You know that there's something the Daleks aren't telling you.

NYSSA:

Maybe.

TORU: (D)

I'm not asking you to do anything but investigate. If it turns out I'm lying, you need never speak to me again.

NYSSA:

True.

FX. SHE TAPS OUT A CODE OF FOUR DIGITS INTO A DOOR ENTRY CODER. THE DOOR OPENS.

12. INT. TRANSPORT HANGAR/TRANSPORT (CONTINUOUS)

FX. NYSSA RUNS INSIDE, CLOSING THE DOOR BEHIND HER.

TORU: (D)

You want something small. One of the two-seater transports, they're not big enough to trigger the Dalek external scans.

NYSSA:

Right.

FX. SHE RUNS THROUGH THE HANGAR, LOOKING FOR A VEHICLE. STOPS.

NYSSA:

I see one.

FX. SHE RUNS ANOTHER SHORT DISTANCE, TAPS ON THE DOOR BUTTON FOR THE TRANSPORT. IT SLIDES OPEN AND SHE CLIMBS IN. THE DOOR SLIDES CLOSED BEHIND HER.

NYSSA:

Right. Let me just take a look at the controls.

TORU: (D)

They're basic enough, you program the co-ordinates into the navigation computer and then follow the onscreen instructions.

FX. NYSSA TAPS AT KEYS.

NYSSA:

Done that.

TORU: (D)

The computer will keep you on track. Manual controls are in front of you. Thrust and directional. Ignition is the large grey button the left.

NYSSA:

Got it.

FX. SHE HITS THE BUTTON, IGNITION KICKS IN AND SHE MOVES THE TRANSPORT SLOWLY FORWARD, JERKING SLIGHTLY.

NYSSA:

(RESPONDING TO THE TRANSPORT JERKING) The controls are very sensitive. It'll take me a while to get used to them.

TORU: (D)

Quick as you can, the last thing either of us wants is for a Dalek patrol to come in.

NYSSA:

(IMPATIENT) I know.

FX. THE TRANSPORT MOVES FORWARD MORE GRACEFULLY NOW.

NYSSA:

I'm getting the hang of it.

TORU: (D)

The external door is automatic, it'll register you coming towards it and..

FX. OUTSIDE THE EXTERNAL DOOR SLIDES OPEN.

NYSSA:

It's opening.

TORU: (D)

You might want to increase your speed, otherwise it's going to take you hours to get there.

NYSSA:

Fine.

FX. SHE PRESSES A BUTTON AND WE CROSS TO OUTSIDE AS THE TRANSPORT SPEEDS AWAY.

13. INT. DALEK CONTROL ROOM

FX. DALEK PULSE.

DALEK #1:

Sensors register unauthorised exit from transport hangar.

BLACK DALEK:

On screen.

FX. BUZZ OF A SCREEN COMING TO LIFE, WE HEAR THE SOUND OF THE TRANSPORT SHOOTING OFF ACROSS THE PLANET SURFACE.

BLACK DALEK:

Halt footage.

FX. FOOTAGE STOPS.

BLACK DALEK:

Reverse and enhance image of pilot.

FX. WE HEAR THE FOOTAGE REVERSED AND THEN A BUZZING SOUND TO SIGNIFY THE IMAGE BEING BLOWN UP ONSCREEN.

BEAT.

BLACK DALEK:

Chief Virologist Nyssa. (BEAT) The Doctor is to report to the transport hangar immediately!

14. INT. TRANSPORT.

FX. THE TRANSPORT IS ROCKETING ALONG THE PLANET SURFACE.

TORU: (D)

Not far now.

NYSSA:

It's just occurred to me, this had better not be a trick to capture me. Are your rebels lying in wait at the co-ordinates you've sent me?

TORU: (D)

What would be the point of that?

NYSSA:

Without me the Daleks may not complete their viral program.

TORU: (D)

(LAUGHS) You'll understand soon. You're far more valuable to me as a friend than a captive. — You should be able to see your destination by now.

NYSSA:

Yes.

TORU: (D)

In the old days it was a storage depot. Still is I suppose, though not to hold food supplies and energy capacitors. The entrance is at the rear of the building.

FX. NYSSA OPERATING THE CONTROLS, SLOWING THE TRANSPORT AND STEERING IT AROUND THE BUILDING.

NYSSA:

It looks deserted.

TORU: (D)

It's unmanned, certainly.

NYSSA:

I see the entrance.

FX. SHE STEERS SOME MORE.

TORU: (D)

I'm afraid this door isn't automatic. The Daleks are far more security conscious of this place. You're going to have to land, and enter on foot.

NYSSA:

Land? How do I...? — Oh, I see.

FX. AS TRANSPORT HOVERS DOWN TO GROUND:

NYSSA:

Do you have the security code for the door?

TORU: (D)

Yes, I'll dictate it to you once you're there.

NYSSA:

Very well.

FX. TRANSPORT TOUCHES DOWN. A BUMP.

TORU: (D)

Down and safe?

NYSSA:

Down and safe.

FX. SHE OPENS THE TRANSPORT DOOR.

STRAIGHT INTO NEXT SCENE.

15. EXT. PLANET SURFACE.

FX. A WIND BLOWING ACROSS THE DUSTY SURFACE. NYSSA CLIMBS OUT, SHOES CRUNCHING ON THE GROUND.

NYSSA:

Your planet is not particularly hospitable, Toru.

TORU: (D)

It's hardly our planet is it? Not anymore. But yes, during the winters most of us stayed within the cities. At night, the temperature drops low enough to freeze you solid.

NYSSA:

Then I won't loiter.

FX. SHE WALKS OVER TO THE ENTRANCE.

TORU: (D)

You see the entry coder?

NYSSA:

Yes.

TORU: (D)

Seven-four-nine; three-zero-two.

FX. NYSSA ENTERS THE NUMBERS AS SHE SPEAKS THEM; RESPONSIVE BLEEP.

NYSSA:

Seven-four-nine; three-zero-two.

FX. THE DOORS OPEN.

NYSSA:

Toru. If this place is so secret, yet you have the code to get in... why haven't you stolen whatever's inside?

TORU: (D)

My people have only just discovered it. (SIGHS) If I'd known earlier, even a few hours earlier, the knowledge would have saved lives. Still, it's not something I would steal, it would be of no use to me. You'll understand, just take a look.

FX. NYSSA ENTERS.

STRAIGHT INTO NEXT SCENE.

16. INT. OUTPOST ENTRANCE (CONTINUOUS).

FX. NYSSA ENTERS, CLOSING THE DOOR BEHIND HER. SHE BEGINS WALKING.

NYSSA:

So what am I supposed to be looking for?

TORU: (D)

It'll be obvious when you've found it. Just head towards the main storage area.

FX. NYSSA CONTINUES WALKING, REACHES ANOTHER DOOR.

NYSSA:

Containment Store A?

TORU: (D)

That's it.

FX. NYSSA PRESSES A BUTTON TO OPEN THE DOOR AND ENTERS THE ROOM BEYOND.

STRAIGHT INTO NEXT SCENE.

17. INT. OUTPOST STORAGE AREA.

FX. A HUGE BARN OF A PLACE, NYSSA'S FOOTSTEPS ECHOING AS SHE EXPLORES.

NYSSA:

There's hardly anything here, just some equipment.

TORU: (D)

The walls, look at the walls.

FX. NYSSA MOVES OVER TO THE WALL.

NYSSA:

They're covered in plastic sheeting.

FX. SHE PULLS BACK THE SHEETING.

NYSSA:

Alcoves of some sort? Glass cases. Cryogenic storage?

FX. SHE RUBS AT THE GLASS.

NYSSA:

There's a lot of frost build-up on the glass, I can't actually see what's... (SHE SEES, TRULY SHOCKED) Oh! But... but that's impossible!

FX. OFF, THE DOOR OPENS, THE DOCTOR AND 4 x DALEKS ENTER.

NYSSA:

Doctor!

DOCTOR:

(ON THE MOVE TOWARDS HER) You couldn't just let it all be, could you? You had to go snooping around. After everything I've done for you. All the help I've given you.

NYSSA:

But... Doctor, you have to see! In the walls, here! Look!

DOCTOR:

I don't care, shut up! Such a disappointment. – Daleks! She's all yours.

FX. 4 x DALEKS MOVE FORWARD.

NYSSA:

No! No, please...!

DOCTOR:

I think you know what happens now.

DALEK:
Exterminate!

NYSSA:
You can't let them do this!

DALEKS x 3:
Exterminate!!!

FX. 4 x DALEKS OPEN FIRE.

NYSSA:
Doctor...! (INTO DEATH SCREAM)

END OF PART ONE

PART TWO

NO REPRISE

18. INT. RESEARCH LAB.

FX. NYSSA TAPPING AWAY AT THE COMPUTER. SHE STOPS.

NYSSA:

(SIGHS) I'm so close... I know it.

FX. PRECUSO WALKS OVER.

PRECUSO:

You're tired, Nyssa. You've been on this all night, you should take a break.

NYSSA:

I don't think the Daleks would appreciate that.

PRECUSO:

They'd appreciate it even less if they found you asleep in the lab.

NYSSA:

Very well. But you're due a four-hour rest period too, Precuso. Return to your quarters. We'll meet back here at noon bell.

PRECUSO:

Fine.

MUSIC: SEGUE

19. INT. CITY CORRIDOR.

FX. NYSSA WALKING ALONG, SHE SPOTS THE DOCTOR.

NYSSA:

Doctor!

FX. SHE JOGS A FEW STEPS TO CATCH UP WITH HIM.

DOCTOR:

Chief Virologist Nyssa. Any news?

NYSSA:

I'm almost there, I know it. It's as if the solution is staring me in the face, but I just can't see it.

DOCTOR:

Then why aren't you in the lab now?

NYSSA:

I've been in the lab for the last twenty hours. I can't think straight any longer. I need to rest.

DOCTOR:

For no more than the sanctioned rest period, of course.

NYSSA:

Of course. (THINKS) Doctor?

DOCTOR:

What?

NYSSA:

How long have we been friends?

DOCTOR:

(LAUGHS) Friends? That's overstating our acquaintance, don't you think?

NYSSA:

(THROWN) I'm sorry. I didn't mean anything by it.

DOCTOR:

You always were emotional. Perhaps if you were less focused on trying to be (WITH POISON) friends with people, and a little more focused on your work, you'd have perfected that virus by now. (FX. HE WALKS OFF.)

NYSSA:

(QUIET, CONFUSED) But we were friends, weren't we? Best friends?

20. INT. NYSSA'S ROOM.

FX. DOOR OPENS, NYSSA WALKS IN AND COLLAPSES IN A CHAIR.

NYSSA:

Computer, display messages.

COMPUTER:

You have one new message.

NYSSA:

Play message.

TORU: (D)

(MORE UNCERTAIN THAN BEFORE) I'm sorry. I didn't mean for this to happen. Do you remember me, Nyssa? You probably don't. I've attached an audio file - I'm afraid I don't have video, it was recorded from our last call. Please play it, then contact me. I've created a secure line for your reply, it should be safe.

FX. COMPUTER BLEEPS TO DIGNIFY END OF MESSAGE.

NYSSA:

Computer: state the caller's identity.

COMPUTER:

Caller not identified.

NYSSA:

Play back attached audio file.

FX. WE PLAY BACK THE END OF SCENE 17 - SLIGHTLY TINNY, OVER MONITOR:

FX. SHE RUBS AT THE GLASS.

NYSSA:

There's a lot of frost build-up on the glass, I can't actually see what's... (SHE SEES, TRULY SHOCKED) Oh! But... but that's impossible!

FX. OFF, THE DOOR OPENS, THE DOCTOR AND 4 x DALEKS ENTER.

NYSSA:

Doctor!

NYSSA:

(TO SELF; LISTENING TO FOOTAGE) Doctor...?

DOCTOR:

(ON THE MOVE TOWARDS HER) You couldn't just let it all be, could you? You had to go snooping around. After everything I've done for you. All the help I've given you.

NYSSA:

But... Doctor, you have to see! In the walls, here! Look!

DOCTOR:

I don't care, shut up! Such a disappointment. – Daleks! She's all yours.

NYSSA:

(TO SELF; LISTENING TO FOOTAGE) Is this some sort of joke?

FX. 4 x DALEKS MOVE FORWARD.

NYSSA:

No! No, please...!

DOCTOR:

I think you know what happens now.

DALEK:

Exterminate!

NYSSA:

You can't let them do this!

DALEKS x 3:

Exterminate!!!

FX. 4 x DALEKS OPEN FIRE.

NYSSA:

Doctor...! (INTO DEATH SCREAM)

FX. THE COMPUTER BLEEPs TO SIGNIFY THE END OF THE FILE.

NYSSA:

(CONFUSED AND DISTURBED) That's... that's just horrible. – Computer, reply to previous caller.

FX. COMPUTER BLEEPs. A BEAT.

TORU: (D)

Hello? Nyssa?

NYSSA:

(ANGRY) Who is this? Why did you send me that file?

TORU: (D)

I'm a friend, although I realise it may not seem like that right now.

NYSSA:

A friend? I've never talked to you before.

TORU: (D)

You have, you just don't remember. They didn't let you remember. Hardly surprising, considering. Look, I showed you some things before – a video file of you being captured on the planet Traxana. I've found more footage.

NYSSA:

Traxana? I've never heard of Traxana.

TORU: (D)

I'm sending it to you now. Watch it, then call me back.

NYSSA:

Wait, what is all this?

FX. COMPUTER BLEEP SIGNIFYING END OF CALL THEN AGAIN AS FILES ARE RECEIVED.

COMPUTER:

Three video files received.

NYSSA:

(SIGH) I suppose you'd better play them.

COMPUTER:

Playing File One.

FX. COMPUTER BLEEPS, THE FILE BEGINS TO PLAY STRAIGHT INTO NEXT SCENE.

21. INT. DALEK INTERROGATION ROOM (CONTINUOUS).

FX. THE SCENE SHOULD START OUT AS BEING RECORDED PLAYBACK, JUST FOR A FEW SECONDS, NYSSA WATCHING THE FILE, THEN BECOME 'LIVE' TO US AS LISTENERS.

NB: THESE ARE THE ORIGINAL DOCTOR AND NYSSA — *IE*, THE CHARACTERS AS THEY WERE SHORTLY AFTER 'ALIEN HEART'.

NYSSA [ORIGINAL]:

(STRAINING) I'm trying to get my hand free, but these restraints are so tight...!

DOCTOR [ORIGINAL]:

I shouldn't worry about it, Nyssa. The Daleks are too impatient as interrogators to keep us strapped down for long.

NYSSA [ORIGINAL]:

Considering what they'll do to us afterwards, that's hardly reassuring.

DOCTOR [ORIGINAL]:

Good point.

FX. DOOR SLIDES OPEN, A DALEK ENTERS.

DALEK:

You are the enemy know as the Doctor.

DOCTOR [ORIGINAL]:

Is that a question or a statement? It's hard to tell with you lot, sometimes.

DALEK:

You are responsible for the failure of the Traxana mission.

DOCTOR [ORIGINAL]:

Again, are you asking me or telling me?

NYSSA [ORIGINAL]:

(WARNING) Doctor...

DOCTOR [ORIGINAL]:

Right, sorry... Yes, I may have been involved... slightly.

DALEK:

You have a long history of interference.

DOCTOR [ORIGINAL]:

I suppose I do, rather.

(BEAT)

DOCTOR [ORIGINAL]:

This isn't much of an interrogation. Are you actually going to ask us anything?

DALEK:

You are not here for interrogation. You can tell the Daleks nothing of value.

DOCTOR [ORIGINAL]:

Oh.

NYSSA [ORIGINAL]:

In that case – why are we here? Wherever here is...

DALEK:

You have been brought to the Dalek base on planet Mojox for processing.

DOCTOR [ORIGINAL]:

'Processing'?

NYSSA [ORIGINAL]:

That doesn't sound good.

FX. THE DALEK EXITS.

DALEK (ON THE MOVE):

Once you have been processed, you will be exterminated.

FX. THE DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES AFTER IT.

DOCTOR [ORIGINAL]:

Well, yes, I suppose we will be.

NYSSA [ORIGINAL]:

Doctor...

DOCTOR [ORIGINAL]:

Sorry to say, Nyssa – on this occasion, I don't have an escape plan. I can't say I regret getting involved. But I do regret getting you involved. A shame we never got to see Felkanto...

NYSSA [ORIGINAL]:

(SLIGHTLY IMPATIENT) Never mind Felkanto. I was going to say... (EFFORT) I've just about wriggled my hand free – Yes!

DOCTOR [ORIGINAL]:

Oh, well done, Nyssa! There should be a clasp to the side of the table, if you can reach it.

NYSSA [ORIGINAL]:

(STRAINING TO REACH) It's a real stretch...

FX. THE SOUND OF HER RESTRAINT SNAPPING BACK.

NYSSA [ORIGINAL]:

Got it!

DOCTOR [ORIGINAL]:

Now my clasp. — Hurry, Nyssa!

NYSSA [ORIGINAL]:

I am hurrying.

FX. DOCTOR'S CLASP UNDONE.

DOCTOR [ORIGINAL]:

(RELEASED) Thank you.

NYSSA [ORIGINAL]:

Come on, we need to get out of here.

DOCTOR [ORIGINAL]:

We should take out that eyestalk-camera first.

NYSSA [ORIGINAL]:

How? You've still not replaced your sonic screwdriver.

DOCTOR [ORIGINAL]:

It'll have to be brute force, I'm afraid. (REACHING UP) Watch your eyes, they may be a spark — (EFFORT)

FX. A CRACKLE OF STATIC. CUT STRAIGHT TO NEXT SCENE.

22. NYSSA'S ROOM.

FX. THE STATIC NOW AS PLAYED FROM THE COMPUTER SPEAKERS. A BEEP AS THE PAYBACK ENDS.

COMPUTER:

End of video file.

NYSSA:

(CONFUSED) He's nothing like the Doctor. He looks the same but his manner, his smile... the way he tried to say sorry... he seems... (CAN'T THINK OF ANOTHER WORD) ... nice. (BEAT) Computer, play next video file.

FX. COMPUTER BEEPS. WE HEAR THE SOUND OF A KLAXON BLARING FROM THE VIDEO FILE, THE SOUND OF THE DOCTOR AND NYSSA RUNNING. WE CROSS TO THE NEXT SCENE, WITH THE SOUND BECOMING LIVE.

23. INT. DALEK BASE.

FX. DOCTOR AND NYSSA RUNNING ALONG.

DOCTOR [ORIGINAL]:

The transport bay our ship arrived in was this way. With luck, they'll have disembarked the TARDIS, too...

NYSSA [ORIGINAL]:

Doctor, we can't just leave!

DOCTOR [ORIGINAL]:

Can't we? There's no immediate threat to Traxana's galaxy, not now the Daleks' time weapon has been destroyed.

NYSSA [ORIGINAL]:

Is the immediate threat ever really over as far as the Daleks are concerned?

DOCTOR [ORIGINAL]:

Well, no, that's a good point. But the people of Traxana are safe and, right now, I'll settle for getting out of this base by the skin of our teeth.

NYSSA [ORIGINAL]:

Yes, you're probably right.

DOCTOR [ORIGINAL]:

There! Secure containment room bay four.

FX. THEY STOP RUNNING.

NYSSA [ORIGINAL]:

Can you open the door?

DOCTOR [ORIGINAL]:

Erm... probably. Give me a minute.

FX. THE DOCTOR POPS THE COVER OFF A PANEL.

DOCTOR [ORIGINAL]:

Let's have a look... Hmm...

FX. STARTS FIDDLING WITH WIRES.

NYSSA [ORIGINAL]:

Well?

DOCTOR [ORIGINAL]:

You're right. I really should replace my sonic screwdriver.

OFF, DALEKS ARE APPROACHING.

DALEK #1: (OFF)

Escaped prisoners sighted in the secure containment area!

DALEK #2: (OFF)

All patrols converge and destroy!

NYSSA [ORIGINAL]:

Quickly, Doctor!

DOCTOR [ORIGINAL]:

Blue wire, red wire, black wire... green wire?!

NYSSA [ORIGINAL]:

Brute force again?

DOCTOR [ORIGINAL]:

I don't think I've any other choice. (EFFORT)

FX. SPARKING OF A SHORT CIRCUIT. THE DOOR OPENS.

DOCTOR [ORIGINAL]:

Quick! Get inside!

CUT STRAIGHT TO NEXT SCENE.

24. NYSSA'S ROOM.

FX. THE COMPUTER BLEEPS TO SIGNIFY END OF FILE.

NYSSA:

I don't remember any of this. Why don't I remember? Computer, play final video file.

FX. THE COMPUTER BLEEPS. WE HEAR THE DOCTOR AND NYSSA RUNNING ACROSS THE SECURE CONTAINMENT AREA.

DOCTOR [ORIGINAL]: (D)

There she is! The TARDIS!

NYSSA:

(CONFUSED) 'Tardis'? What's 'Tardis'?

WE CROSS TO THE SCENE AS LIVE.

25. INT. SECURE CONTAINMENT AREA [CONTINUOUS]

FX. THE DOCTOR AND NYSSA RUN TO THE TARDIS. OFF THE SOUND OF THE MAIN DOOR OPENING, DALEKS HOT ON THEIR HEELS.

DALEK #1:
(OFF) Prisoners escaping!

DALEK #2:
(OFF) Converge and destroy!

FX. DOCTOR AND NYSSA RUN TO HALT BESIDE TARDIS.

DOCTOR [ORIGINAL]:
(SEARCHING POCKETS) Key. Key, key, key...

NYSSA [ORIGINAL]:
Doctor, they're right behind us!

DOCTOR [ORIGINAL]:
I know, I can't quite seem to find [my key]

NYSSA [ORIGINAL]:
Left pocket!

DOCTOR [ORIGINAL]:
(FINDS KEY) How did that get there?

NYSSA [ORIGINAL]:
Get in!

FX. TARDIS DOOR OPENED. THEY BUNDLE INSIDE...

4 x CONVERGING DALEKS:
Exterminate! Exterminate!!!

FX. DALEKS OPEN FIRE. DOOR SLAMS. TARDIS DEMATERIALISES AMIDST A HAIL OF DALEK GUNFIRE.

WE CROSS BACK TO NYSSA'S ROOM.

26. NYSSA'S ROOM [CONTINUOUS].

FX. THE FADING SOUNDS OF THE TARDIS AND THE GUNFIRE FROM THE COMPUTER SPEAKERS. COMPUTER BEEPS TO SIGNIFY END OF FILE.

NYSSA:

Computer – reconnect to last contact.

FX. THE COMPUTER BEEPS, MAKING THE CALL.

TORU: (D)

You've watched the files?

NYSSA:

But they don't make any sense! None of that happened!

TORU: (D)

It did, and I have Dalek security files to back it up. Sending them over now.

FX. COMPUTER BEEPS AS IT RECEIVES THE FILES.

TORU: (D)

As you can see – all of that happened five years ago, during the initial Dalek occupation. If the Doctor had known what was going on here, that this wasn't just a Dalek base... Well, there's no point in imagining what might have been. He didn't know and he left, that's all there is to it.

NYSSA:

But we didn't leave! Besides, he would hardly have cared. The Doctor's loyal to the Daleks.

TORU: (D)

The Doctor is famous for having fought against the Daleks time and time again. I've read countless files that show that.

NYSSA:

Then they're wrong.

TORU: (D)

No, they're not. Nyssa: this is going to be hard for you to believe but... but I need you to believe it, because I think you're the only chance I have to save my people. I have further evidence to back me up. Will you listen?

(BEAT)

NYSSA:

Yes.

MUSIC: SEGUE.

27. INT. VIRAL LAB.

FX. DOOR SLIDES OPENS, PRECUSO ENTERS.

NYSSA:

Ah! There you are, Precuso.

PRECUSO:

(SURPRISED) Nyssa? How long have you been back in the lab?

FX. DOOR SLIDES SHUT BEHIND.

NYSSA:

I only needed half of the sanctioned rest period. Then I had..
(HIDDEN MEANING) ... a revelation, you might say.

PRECUSO:

What?

NYSSA:

A sudden insight, then. It doesn't matter. All that matters is that the virus has been perfected.

PRECUSO:

You're not serious. (BEAT) You are serious! (APPALLED AND NOT QUITE ABLE TO HIDE IT) That's... That's...

NYSSA:

Excellent news, I know.

FX. SHE HITS A COMMUNICATOR BUTTON.

NYSSA:

This is Chief Virologist Nyssa to the Black Dalek.

BLACK DALEK: (D)

Report!

NYSSA:

Virus six-P-eighty-four is ready for use, exactly according to your specifications.

BLACK DALEK: (D)

Has the virus has been tested on living subjects?

NYSSA:

Of course. I'm sending you video of the results now, along with my concluding data.

FX. SHE HITS A COUPLE OF BUTTONS.

(BEAT)

FX. WE CAN HEAR THE SOUND OF SCREAMING AS THE BLACK DALEK WATCHES THE FOOTAGE.

TEST SUBJECTS: (D)
(SCREAMING, PRIMAL ROARING)

FX. BUTTONS OFF. SCREAMING CUTS OUT.

BLACK DALEK: (D)
The results are... acceptable.

NYSSA:
I'm glad you agree. I've sent the formula to the labs for mass production.

BLACK DALEK:
It will be distributed across the planet on completion.

FX. THE CALL IS CUT OFF.

PRECUSO:
(STAGGERED) Nyssa... Why didn't you wait for me, to help with the final tests?

NYSSA:
You'd made it quite clear what you thought of them, Precuso. I saved you the discomfort.

PRECUSO:
(SLOWLY GETTING ANGRY) Discomfort. Yes... Well, my people are in for a lot of that now, aren't they? You do realise what you've done? How many innocent people that virus will kill?

NYSSA:
That's what it's for. You always knew that.

PRECUSO:
I thought, so long as we couldn't perfect it... I never thought we'd actually do it.

NYSSA:
Well – we have done it.

PRECUSO:
You've done it. (SHOUTING) And in doing so, you've signed the death warrant of the Mojoxalli people!

NYSSA:
Only the rebels. It's no more than they deserve. Once they've been eradicated, we can all get back to a peaceful life.

PRECUSO:

A peaceful life? Have you any idea what goes on out there? How many people die every day manning the vilonium pumps? The Daleks are bleeding us dry – they're not our friends, they're our... our owners! We're nothing to them!

NYSSA:

That's not true. Though if they heard you talking like this, I expect they'd be very angry. Calm down, Precuso. It's done, the virus will be implemented shortly and there's nothing you can do to stop it.

PRECUSO:

Maybe not... but I can certainly stop you from helping them a moment longer!

NYSSA:

What do you mean – (GRABBED) Precuso, no! (CHOKED)

FX. PRECUSO ATTACKS NYSSA WITH HER BARE HANDS.

PRECUSO:

You're as evil as they are! Oh, I should have done this a long time ago!

NYSSA:

(CHOKED) Please, Precuso! I thought you were my friend...!

PRECUSO:

(GASPING) You? You don't know the first thing about friendship. All you know is collaboration...!

FX. OFF – DOOR SLIDES OPEN, A DALEK GLIDES IN.

DALEK:

Stop! Step away from the Chief Virologist.

FX. PRECUSO AND NYSSA CONTINUE TO STRUGGLE.

PRECUSO:

No chance, as soon as I do you'll kill me! But I bet you won't risk killing your precious little helper, will you?

DOCTOR:

(OFF, FROM DOOR) Virologist Precuso – let Nyssa go!

PRECUSO:

(SURPRISED) You?! What are you doing here?

NYSSA:

(GASPING – PRECUSO'S LET GO) Doctor?!

DOCTOR:

(TO DALEK) She's let go. Now's your chance.

NYSSA:

No, wait...!

DALEK:

Exterminate...!

FX. THE DALEK FIRES.

PRECUSO:

(DEATH SCREAM)

FX. BODY FALLS TO FLOOR.

(BEAT)

NYSSA:

That wasn't necessary.

DOCTOR:

Don't let it trouble you. The Daleks had been monitoring your assistant's whispers of discontent for some time. She was scheduled for extermination anyway.

NYSSA:

Monitoring? Is that how you knew I was in danger?

DOCTOR:

We have listening devices in here.

NYSSA:

(SOTTO) Yes, I thought you probably did.

DOCTOR:

Anyway – I hear congratulations are in order! You've perfected your virus!

NYSSA:

It's gone over to mass production already.

DOCTOR:

In which case – in an hour or so, this planet will at last be a viable Dalek centre.

NYSSA:

I just hope that without the rebels' interference, there'll be no more trouble between the Daleks and the Mojoxalli people.

DOCTOR:

(KNOWING) No more trouble. Something like that. Still – well done, Chief Virologist.

NYSSA:

Thank you.

DOCTOR:

Now: hadn't you better summon a couple of functionaries, to clear that dead traitor away?

NYSSA:

Yes, I suppose I should. – After that, Doctor...

DOCTOR:

Yes?

NYSSA:

There's something I'd like to show you. Concerning.. the future of this facility.

DOCTOR:

Why not? Thanks to your breakthrough... I have all the time in the world.

28. INT. DALEK CONTROL ROOM:

FX. DALEK PULSE.

BLACK DALEK:

Time to full dissemination of the Mojoxalli virus?

DALEK #1:

Thirty rels.

BLACK DALEK:

Prepare atmospheric launchers.

29. INT. CITY CORRIDOR/TRANSPORT HANGAR.

FX. THE DOCTOR AND NYSSA WALKING ALONG.

DOCTOR:

Where exactly are you leading me, Nyssa?

NYSSA:

(STOPPING) It's just through here.

FX. SHE ENTERS THE FOUR-DIGIT CODE FOR THE TRANSPORT HANGAR DOOR.

DOCTOR:

In the transport hangar?

NYSSA:

You'll understand in a minute.

FX. THE DOOR OPENS.

NYSSA:

After you.

DOCTOR:

(WALKS FORWARD, LOOKING AROUND) The place is deserted.

NYSSA:

Look over there. In the far corner.

DOCTOR:

There's nothing [there-]

FX. HISS OF A HYPOSPRAY/JET INJECTOR IN THE BACK OF HIS NECK.

DOCTOR:

(PAINED) Aow! What was that?

NYSSA:

A jet injection into the back of your neck. Sorry.

DOCTOR:

What? Why? (REELS; DRUG TAKING EFFECT) What... what have you injected me with?

NYSSA:

Nothing lethal, just something to make you sleep.

FX. HE FALLS TO THE FLOOR. NYSSA CLOSSES THE DOOR.

MUSIC: SEGUE.

30. INT. TRANSPORT.

FX. SMALL TRANSPORT, SPEEDING ALONG THE PLANET SURFACE. THE DOCTOR WAKES UP WITH A START.

DOCTOR:

(SUDDEN BREATH) What? Where am I?

NYSSA:

In flight, obviously. That injection wore off quicker than I was expecting.

FX. HE PULLS AGAINST RESTRAINTS.

DOCTOR:

My hands are tied!

NYSSA:

Again, obviously.

DOCTOR:

(WITH REAL POISON) I'll kill you for this!

NYSSA:

Yet again, obviously. I know how much you like your work. That's why I tied your hands.

DOCTOR:

Where are we going? Where are you taking me?

NYSSA:

I told you, there's something I want to show you.

DOCTOR:

I'm not interested. Release me, take us back to the city and I might... might... convince the Daleks to let you live.

NYSSA:

Doctor. I'm not stupid.

DOCTOR:

No, you're not, I suppose. Of course I wouldn't. I'm afraid I'm not that forgiving.

NYSSA:

I know. After all, it would be the first time you'd had me killed.

DOCTOR:

What's that supposed to mean?

NYSSA:

(UNCERTAIN) I'm not entirely sure what it means. But I know it's true.

DOCTOR:

I hope I don't miss the launch of your virus.

NYSSA:

You won't.

DOCTOR:

The Daleks are going to fire it into the atmosphere.

NYSSA:

So it'll kill all the Mojoxalli, yes.

DOCTOR:

Oh. I was expecting you to be surprised.

NYSSA:

Well, I'm not. Sorry.

DOCTOR:

But yes, of course the Daleks are going to kill them all. The whole planet's a write-off. I told them all along, but they wouldn't listen to me. They so rarely do.

NYSSA:

They wanted the vilonium.

DOCTOR:

They can pump it remotely, the slave force is next to useless. Anyway, it was only partly that. Mostly they just like owning planets, I think.

NYSSA:

What do you expect from a species that wants to occupy the entire universe?

DOCTOR:

One day, they will – don't doubt it. Still, forcing the Mojoxalli to pump the vilonium was more trouble than it was worth. A slave force is all well and good, but there comes a point when you just have to wipe the slate clean. There are just too many Mojoxalli – two billion at the last count. If just one in twenty of them were to join the rebellion...

NYSSA:

I can do the mathematics.

DOCTOR:

Wipe the lot of them out, it's the only sensible option.

NYSSA:

(MOCKING) 'Sensible'.

DOCTOR:

They're only Mojoxalli. They're inferior. – Look, where are you taking me?

NYSSA:

We're nearly there.

FX. WE CUT OUTSIDE THE TRANSPORT AS IT SPEEDS AWAY.

MUSIC: SEGUE.

31. INT. DALEK CONTROL ROOM.

FX. DALEK PULSE.

BLACK DALEK:

Report!

DALEK #1:

Atmospheric chargers in position. Preparing to prime delivery manifolds.

BLACK DALEK:

Inform Chief Virologist Nyssa, it is only right she should see her work fulfilled.

FX. BEEP OF CONTROLS OPERATED BY DALEK.

DALEK #2:

According to life-sign scanner, Chief Virologist Nyssa is no longer within the city boundaries.

BLACK DALEK:

Locate the Doctor.

FX. REPEAT OF ABOVE CONTROL SOUNDS.

DALEK #2:

The Doctor is also no longer registering on scans.

BLACK DALEK:

Locate them! Locate them at once!

32. EXT. PLANET SURFACE.

FX. NYSSA SHOVES THE DOCTOR TOWARDS THE DOOR OF THE OUTPOST.

NYSSA:

Stay a few feet ahead, I don't trust you.

DOCTOR:

Nor should you. Still, as you've had the good sense to bring a gun you're fairly safe. (BEAT) For the moment.

NYSSA:

Entry coder is by the door. The code is seven-four-nine, three-zero-two.

DOCTOR:

Untie my hands then.

NYSSA:

That's the reason why I didn't tie your hands behind your back.

DOCTOR:

Obviously. (SIGHS) Very well...

FX. HE TAPS IN THE NUMBER. THE DOOR OPENS.

DOCTOR:

After me, I presume?

FX. HE WALKS INSIDE.

STRAIGHT INTO NEXT SCENE.

33. INT. OUTPOST ENTRANCE (CONTINUOUS).

FX. THE DOCTOR WALKING ALONG BRISKLY.

NYSSA:

Slow down, I'm not stupid. Keep exactly one metre ahead of me.

FX. HE SLOWS DOWN.

DOCTOR:

If you insist. I do wish you'd hurry up though, the launch must be due very soon.

FX. NYSSA CLOSES THE DOOR BEHIND HER.

NYSSA:

And the Daleks, too, I imagine. I made sure I didn't trigger the alarm at the city exit, but I'm sure they'll have noticed we're gone by now.

DOCTOR:

Don't overestimate your importance, especially now you've finished your work.

NYSSA:

They'll still come.

DOCTOR:

Yes, probably, and then you'll be dead.

NYSSA:

Maybe. Door on the left.

DOCTOR:

Containment Store A?

NYSSA:

Yes.

FX. THE DOCTOR OPENS THE DOOR.

DOCTOR:

What are we going to find in here? Some fascinating Mojoxalli supplies, some of those grannax roots they're always chewing on, like the cattle they are?

NYSSA:

You'll see.

STRAIGHT INTO NEXT SCENE.

34. INT. OUTPOST STORAGE AREA (CONTINUOUS).

FX. THE DOCTOR AND NYSSA ENTER THE LARGE CONTAINMENT AREA.

DOCTOR:

So what am I supposed to be looking at?

NYSSA:

He told me to look behind the plastic sheeting, on the far wall.

DOCTOR:

Who's 'he'?

NYSSA:

Toru.

DOCTOR:

The rebel leader? You've been talking to him? Oh, Nyssa - I really do despair of you.

NYSSA:

Just pull the sheeting free from the wall.

FX. HE WALKS OVER TO THE WALLS AND STARTS PULLING OFF PLASTIC SHEETING.

DOCTOR:

Cryogenic storage units. What's in these? Do you know?

NYSSA:

Take a look. You can use your sleeve to clear the frost from the glass.

FX. THE DOCTOR RUBS THE FROST AWAY WITH HIS SLEEVE.

DOCTOR:

But this is... It's you in there!

NYSSA:

(SIGHS, SHE'S NOT SURPRISED) Not quite. Try the next one along.

FX. THE DOCTOR IS ALREADY SCRAPING AWAY FROST.

DOCTOR:

That's you, too! This doesn't make any sense.

NYSSA:

And the next.

FX. FROST SCRAPED.

DOCTOR:

(MAJOR SHOCK) This one's me!

NYSSA:

I daresay the next one's you as well. Or me. And the one after that, and the one after that... It doesn't really matter, does it?

DOCTOR:

I don't understand.

NYSSA:

You would, if you were the Doctor. The Doctor's clever. But you're not the Doctor, are you?

DOCTOR:

What are you talking about? Of course I'm the Doctor!

NYSSA:

No, you're just a bad copy. A Dalek duplicate. You look like him, you sound like him, but you're nothing like him where it really counts. The Doctor was a hero. You're just an empty shell filled with all the hatred of a Dalek. You're the Doctor in body, but not in soul.

DOCTOR:

(FURIOUS) A duplicate? Ridiculous! I know who I am!

NYSSA:

You know who you think you are. We were both in this room just yesterday, but you don't remember, do you? They knew I'd spoken to you. Perhaps they were afraid I might have contaminated you with my doubts.

DOCTOR:

What are you talking about?

NYSSA:

I don't know if they replaced you entirely, like they did with me – you can see for yourself, they have plenty of spares – or if they just wiped your memory somehow. But you're not real. Neither of us are. They made copies of the originals five years ago, and we're the result. A pair of fakes.

DOCTOR:

I'm not a fake! I'm me! I'm the Doctor!

NYSSA:

You're not even close. Not in the ways that matter. I think the Daleks knew that how easily the real Doctor could have insinuated his way into the rebel units. I think they copied not just his body, but his mental engrams, too, taking care not to transplant his moral centre. Just enough of his personality to convince the rebels that he was on their side.

DOCTOR:

What are you talking about – 'moral centre'?

NYSSA:

As for the real Nyssa – I think she really was a scientist. Someone with a degree of bio-engineering skill. Someone useful to them, like Precuso. But I'm not the real Nyssa either. If I was, Precuso would still be alive..

DOCTOR:

How do you work that out?

NYSSA:

I knew you or the Daleks would be listening into the lab. I wanted Precuso to be shocked that I'd finished work on the virus, because I knew that would help convince you all that I had. That, and the false test footage I mocked up. That was easy enough – after all, I had video of so many deaths... (SIGHS) But I didn't think... Of course you'd kill her. You or the Daleks. Isn't that what Daleks always do? One more death on my conscience. (BEAT) Whatever conscience a Dalek duplicate has.

DOCTOR:

(DISTRACTED NOT ALTOGETHER LISTENING, QUIETER NOW) It can't be true. I know who I am. I know – (SUDDENLY REALISING SOMETHING SHE'S SAID) Wait... what was that you said, about the virus?

35. INT. DALEK CONTROL ROOM.

FX. DALEK PULSE.

DALEK #1:

Atmospheric chargers primed.

BLACK DALEK:

Launch the virus.

FX. THE DALEK MANIPULATES A CONTROL.

DALEK #1:

Virus launch triggered. Firing in five rels. Four rels. Three rels. Two rels. One rel..

FX. WE CUT TO OUTSIDE THE CITY.

36. EXT. CITY (CONTINUOUS) [FX ONLY]

FX. A LOUD PULSE, THEN SEVERAL SMALL ROCKETS FIRING IN ALL DIRECTIONS, FINALLY DETONATING ALL OVER THE STEREO FIELD.

37. INT. DALEK CONTROL ROOM (CONTINUOUS).

DALEK #1:

Atmospheric seeding underway. Estimated time until full viral dispersal is two hundred rels.

BLACK DALEK:

Alert corpse disposal squads.

38. INT. OUTPOST STORAGE AREA.

DOCTOR:

(WARY) Nyssa... what have you done?

NYSSA:

I made a virus, just as you all wanted me to.

FX. DOOR OPENS, TWO DALEKS ENTER.

DALEK #1:

Halt! You have entered a restricted area.

DALEK #2:

You will surrender yourselves to the Daleks.

NYSSA:

See? I knew they'd notice we'd gone before too long.

DALEKS x 2:

Surrender! Surrender!

DOCTOR:

Be quiet, you stupid Daleks. This is important. (TO NYSSA) What did you mean – about convincing us you'd perfected the virus?

NYSSA:

I can show you.

FX. SHE PULLS A CANISTER OUT OF HER POCKET.

NYSSA:

I have a sample here, in a spray canister. Not the most accurate delivery method, but it was the best I could do at short notice. It's every bit as deadly as the Black Dalek wanted.

DOCTOR:

So you have perfected the virus?

NYSSA:

In the manner of speaking. Allow me to demonstrate.

FX. SHE SPRAYS THE CANISTER INTO THE AIR.

DOCTOR:

This is a waste of time. The virus only works on the Mojoxalli.

NYSSA:

Oh no, it has no effect on the Mojoxalli. None whatsoever.

DOCTOR:

What?

NYSSA:

Now, it targets the DNA of another species entirely.

DALEK #1:

Alert! Alert! Sensors indicate possible viral outbreak!

DOCTOR:

What have you done?!

NYSSA:

Isn't it obvious? The virus now targets Dalek DNA.

DALEK #1:

(BECOMING WILD AS THE VIRUS TAKES HOLD) Dalek DNA is pure!

DALEK #2:

All other species are contaminants!

DALEK #1:

All other species should be destroyed.

DALEK #2:

Destroyed! Destroyed...

DALEK 1 & 2:

ALL DALEKS MUST BE DESTROYED!!

DALEK #2:

Exterminate!

DALEK #1:

Exterminate!

FX. THEY BOTH FIRE, BLOWING EACH OTHER UP.

DOCTOR:

(DISBELIEF) They... they exterminated one another!

NYSSA:

It works just as the other virus did. It makes you want to destroy your own kind.

DOCTOR:

I'll kill you for this, girl! (COUGHS) Kill you!!!

NYSSA:

And there's the proof.

DOCTOR:

What – (COUGHS) – what do you mean by that? Wait. (COUGHS) My skin. It's burning. I'm burning up!

NYSSA:

I told you, the virus works on Dalek DNA. As I suspected: the Daleks can't resist adding in a little bit of themselves when they copy another species.

DOCTOR:

(PREOCCUPIED – ITCHING) Burning! Burning!!!

NYSSA:

It takes a little while longer to affect us duplicates, obviously. (SHUDDERS – COUGHS) But I think I'm beginning to feel it myself now. If you'll excuse me, Doctor... there's someone... (COUGHS) ... someone I need to talk to.

FX. SHE WALKS OFF.

DOCTOR:

(FURIOUSLY SCRATCHING) Wait – where are you going? You can't leave! Come back! You hear me? Come back! – I'll kill you!

FX. THE DOOR, OFF, OPENS AND THEN CLOSES BEHIND AN EXITING NYSSA.

DOCTOR:

(SCREAMING) Kill you!!!

39. INT. DALEK CONTROL ROOM.

FX. A KLAXON SOUNDING.

BLACK DALEK:

Report!

DALEK #1:

Sensors have detected a viral threat to the Daleks.

BLACK DALEK:

Close all atmospheric vents.

DALEK #1:

Viral threat is already inside atmospheric vents. Viral threat is inside the city... (BREAKING DOWN) Viral threat is inside... ME!

FX. FIRES HIS GUN.

BLACK DALEK:

Cease firing! Cease... (ALSO AFFECTED) Cease... ALL DALEKS SHALL CEASE!

FX. ALSO STARTS FIRING.

40. INT. CITY CORRIDOR.

FX. GENERAL SOUND OF DALEK FIGHTING AS THE VIRUS TAKES HOLD ALL OVER THE CITY.

VARIOUS DALEKS:

All Daleks must die!

Death to the Daleks!

Exterminate!

Annihilate!

Destroy!

41. EXT. OUTPOST EXIT.

FX. NYSSA STUMBLES AND FALLS TO THE GROUND, WIND BLOWING.

NYSSA:

(DYING, INFECTED) Not... long now.

FX. SHE ACTIVATES EARPIECE – BLEEP.

NYSSA:

Toru? Can you hear me?

TORU: (D)

Nyssa?

NYSSA:

I don't have much time to speak. The virus is in the atmosphere. With luck... the Daleks will turn on themselves. Then... then it'll be your planet again, I hope.

TORU: (D)

Thank you, Nyssa. You've been a true friend to my people.

NYSSA:

It's what the Doctor would have wanted, I'm sure. The real Doctor. He seemed... nice.

TORU: (D)

Believe me when I tell you: he's still out there somewhere, saving worlds.

NYSSA:

(WEAKER) At least... at least this is one world he doesn't have to... to...

(LONG PAUSE)

TORU: (D)

Nyssa? Can you... hear me?

NYSSA:

I wish I'd met him. (DIES)

FX. WE HOLD A MOMENT ON THE SOUND OF THE WIND. SLOW FADE OUT.

THE END